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VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1873. NUMBER 47.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the Estate of MARGARET SHARAR, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned or to the Administrator, and those having claims against the same will present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

WILLIAM MAKIN,
Administrator.

ESTATE of BRIDGETE EVANS, deceased.—Letters of Administration on the Estate of BRIDGET E. EVANS, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, without delay, will present the same, authenticated for settlement.

JOHN A. KENNEDY Administrator.

Ebensburg, Nov. 21, 1873.-6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of MARTIN J. ECKENRODE, dec'd, late Supervisor to the estate of Martin Eckenrode, of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

WILLIAM J. BURK,
Executor.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way whatsoever with the following described property bought by the undersigned and left with Peter Ebig, of Carrolltown, during my pleasure. Field of wheat in the ground, wheat in the stack, 1 wagon, 2 plows, 1 harrow, 1 bay mare, and colt, 3 cows, 1 sow, also a lot of horse gears bought at sale.

JOHN G. TRENKLE.

Dec. 5, 1873.-3t.*

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the firm name of Null in the practice of the Law was dissolved on the 30th ultimo, by mutual consent.

F. P. TIERNEY,
JAMES NULL.

KATIE'S LANTERN.

Truth to tell, the comfortable, old-fashioned farm-house, at the foot of the narrow and rocky ledge, had a most picturesque position. Away to the southward wound and smiled the fertile valley, a goodly portion of whose acres appertained to Grandfather Crowninshield, and along the edge thereof swept the curves of the railway, after what seemed its birth in the cloven ledge so very near to Katie Crowninshield's home. As for Katie herself, with her sweet, fresh face and her merry brown eyes, the little valley and her nestling home were all the world to her—all, indeed, that she had ever known, for she had been but a wee thing when Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield became father and mother to her, in place of those whose faces she could now hardly remember. Neither did it ever occur to her that she was in any sense an heiress, for she seemed rather to belong to the valley than the valley to her; while the idea, if anything had brought it to her mind, that her good old grandparents were not to live forever, would have turned the brightest June day to the gloomiest December.

But, in these latter years, one great entity had painfully struggled into Katie's world, with an apparent mission to unite the valley with that great unknown, which lay beyond the hills and ledges. Katie had seen the ragged rift cloven in the granite wall, watching it curiously from door or window, and listening for the dull reports of the blasting charges, until the barrier was pierced and the railway crept out and found its way down through the valley; and ever since the trains began to run, she had connected with them the idea of a life that was almost human. She had waved her handkerchief enthusiastically to the very first train, and had been liberally responded to by passengers and conductor; and, although she had been then a little girl and was now a young lady, she had never yet dreamed of any unmaidenly boldness in giving the same white signal of welcome, at times, when the great railway mystery came rushing out of the cloven wall. There was one train in particular which Katie's attentions were at last pretty well restricted—a through express, which went by at eight o'clock in the morning, and there was another from the same direction again at eight o'clock at night. From the former, just as easily as her own dainty "good morning!" fluttered above the garden gate, so certainly would there be a fleeting flash of white to answer her from the platform of one of the cars or even from the engine itself, for that, too, had happened. And Katie knew very well that, in these latter days, at least, her answer had always come from the same hand. A tall, erect, manly fellow he was, dressed in dark-blue cloth; and Katie had been well aware, for a good while, that he was the conductor of the train, but she had never yet been near enough to speak to him, or get any clearer notion of his face and its meaning than might be given her in those swift but almost daily glimpses. When or how he found his way back to the beginning of his perpetual journey, was a question that Katie never asked even of herself. It was enough that every morning the swift train brought him out of the unknown country beyond the hills, and added a something that had grown to be very pleasant to the peace and quiet of her day.

There was something very noteworthy, even to railway men, about the manner in which the road broke in upon the valley. A deep cut, a sharp curve, and a heavy down-grade, combined to make the precise point where the conductor had learned to look for Katie's greeting an interesting one; and her white kerchief may even have seemed to wave a species of congratulation at his repeated safe passage of what might at any time have shaped itself into a danger.

Be that as it may, the railway "cut" had brought to Katie Crowninshield, among other results, a shorter and easier path to the home of her aunt, her mother's sister, who lived just a little way beyond the ledge, and who was never satisfied if too many days passed by without bringing the sunlight of Katie's face across her threshold. And so Katie had gone and returned, many and many a time, by the narrow path between the granite walls. Nobody in that peaceful region dreamed of fear at being "out after dark," and again and again had good Betsy detained her pet until night had fallen, although her only companion homeward was her little star of a lantern. There came a day when Katie's handkerchief fluttered in vain, and then another, when even the reply she received from the train convinced her that there had been a change of some kind, and that she would receive no more signals from the same hand. And so she sadly prepared to give it up, in the first fit of genuine blues she had ever indulged in, but, a few evenings afterward, she lingered at the garden gate a little after her return from Aunt Betsy's, to see the lightning express go flashing by. It was a grand sight when it came, incomparably more interesting and mysterious in the darkness than ever in the day, and Katie wondered she had never thought so before; but she almost unconsciously raised her little lantern and swung it around her head, as she had used to wave her handkerchief.

Could she believe her eyes?

She almost refused to give them any faith at first, but then there followed a quick flush in her cheek and a warm glow at her heart; for she was sure there had been an answering light, and she could almost picture a tall form in dark-blue clothing, standing on the platform between the two cars.

And now, while the October days grow cooler, and the glorious evenings longer, Grandmother Crowninshield began to grumble a little at the disposition her darling evinced to pay so many visits to Aunt Betsy.

"It's a long walk for you, child," she said, "and it's through the cut, too.—What if a railway train should come along before you get out."

"O, grandmama, that'll never happen," laughed Katie; "the railroad and I are very good friends."

"You ought to be," said grandmother. "I never saw any living being care more for a dumb thing than you've always done for that there train."

But grandmother was nearer right than Katie; for only a night or so after that—it must have been that Aunt Betsy's clock was slow—for Katie was in the very middle of the cut when her ears were suddenly filled with the shriek and roar with which the train dashed in at the upper end.

Her heart beat quickly for a moment, but not with fear; for, as she sprang lightly upon a projecting rock that she had often before noted as a very available perch, she gathered her fluttering dress more closely about her and exclaimed:

"There, I'm safe enough; but to think of it's coming so near!"

Near enough, indeed, and Katie leaned back, hard against the crag behind her; for it seemed as if she could feel the breath of the iron monster on her cheek. In one hand she clutched more tightly the folds of her shawl, and in the other she raised the lantern, as if its feeble star could be of some protection, and then her grasp of it grew suddenly very tight, indeed: for leaning out a little from the platform of a car, and looking forward, as if impatient for the train to clear the cut, stood a tall, handsome, bearded man, in dark-blue clothes, with a lantern in his hand, and his eager, watching, expectant face came so very close to her own!

It was like a flash of lightning; but Katie knew the face, and she knew also that she herself had been seen, and she had even marked the swift paling of the bronzed visage as it recognized her and then swept on in the darkness beyond.

"He was afraid I would be hurt," she thought; and then she said aloud: "But he must have seen how safe I was up here on the rock. I don't believe he swung his lantern at our garden-gate to-night."

Aunt Betsy's house was some little distance from the upper entrance, and the approach to the latter was gloomy enough, the next night of her visit, even for one who knew every inch of the way as well as Katie did; but her little lantern shone out cheerily against its bright reflector, throwing its radiance ahead, as if it were trying to tell her: "There, dear, that's it; don't be afraid, now, I'll show you the track!" She had not gone far, however, before the granite walls brought to her ears, all the way from the lower end and round the curve, as if the cut had been a speaking tube, the sound of voices that were evidently meant to be low and guarded. There were other sounds mingled with the voices, and Katie could not make out more than a word or so here and there, but there was something about it all that startled and frightened her. At first she was half-inclined to turn and make the best of her way back to Aunt Betsy's; but that seemed foolish, and Katie was really a courageous little soul. She hid her lantern under her shawl, however, and stepped very lightly and swiftly forward, trying to remember if there was not a rock or hollow where she would be as safe from men as she had been from the passing train. She was very nearly through herself, before she could any way make out what it all meant; but, as she paused in the deep shadows of the rocks and peered timidly out toward the now dull and muffled sounds, with which the voices were no longer mingled, a broad quick gleam, as from a lantern suddenly shaded or extinguished, shot across the track not many yards below, and then all was darkness and silence.

But that one moment of illumination had revealed extraordinary things to the keen, excited vision of Katie Crowninshield.

There were men, three or four, she could not say just how many, but rough, fierce, wild, and anxious-looking, and before them on the railway track, from which the rails had been pried away just there, was a confused heap of heavy granite boulders and fragments. Katie understood it as cleverly as if those men had taken her into their confidence, and had told her in words.

It was a plot to wreck the train!

And now she was in the open air, beyond the upper entrance, and she could see the peaceful light still shining from Aunt Betsy's window. But there was no time to go there for help.

The train must be so very near!

Katie did for a moment think of kindling a bright fire on the track, but that would take too long, and the great ruin and horror would come before even a small fagot would be well ablaze.

"There's nothing but my own little lantern," almost sobbed poor Katie. "Maybe he will know it when he sees it; but he must be warned before he reaches the cut."

The lantern shown like a frosty little star determined to be seen, as Katie sprang forward up the track. She had not far to go, for the train was ahead of time that night, instead of being behind as would have been more desirable under the circumstances. Never had anything appeared to Katie Crowninshield more suddenly than did the great, glaring eyes of the locomotive headlight, that now glowed upon her out of the overshadowing night, and her lantern seemed to have instantaneously vanished.

"It is so small," she cried, in agony, "and he will never see it."

Nevertheless, on a low mound of earth and stones, close to the side of the track, Katie took her post of charity and danger, and swung her little lantern frantically to and fro, while she tried to make her sweet girl's voice heard through the roar and clamor of the rushing train.

On came the railway giant, tugging with him his precious freight of human life, and it flashed upon Katie Crowninshield's mind what an awful capacity for suffering that train might have on board. On, with the great glare and the all-absorbing torrent of sound, and almost before Katie knew it, the object of her hope and fear had dashed ruthlessly past her, and was quickly swallowed up from her sight in the rocky jaws of the deep cut. With a cry of grief and disappointment on her lips, and a strange thrill of pain at her heart, the poor girl sank upon the ground and buried her face in her hands, while the little lantern dropped neglectedly beside her.

Only for one brief instant, however, did Katie yield to the terror and the trouble of it, for in another she had picked up her starry friend, sprang to her feet, and darted away down the railroad track toward the cut. She was light of foot as any fawn, and there were sad wings to her speed, but it seemed to her as if she would never get through the cut. She paused a moment, when she reached the lower end, to gather breath and to brush the salt mist from her eyes before she looked upon the awful scene she knew must be prepared for her.

And then—why, there was the train, the rear car rising close in front of her, while the others (and there were but few of them that night) stood all erect upon their wheels beyond—not all upon the track, to be sure, but all apparently safe—all, except one great, dark mass, whose polished metal glittered in the varying lights that flashed upon it, and whose hoarse throat screamed angrily with the escaping steam, for the locomotive had come to grief pretty decidedly among the granite boulders that were heaped on the track by the fiends who had planned the wreck. The passengers were swarming out of the cars, and none of them seemed to be hurt at all, nor did Katie hear a sound that told of pain as she swiftly threaded her way among and past them. She had caught a glimpse of a group away beyond even the shattered locomotive, however, which forbade her lingering for an instant. Right down toward her own garden gate four men were carrying a heavy burden, and others were following, and Katie heard them say, as she darted by:

"Who is it?"

"Why, its the conductor. He was thrown from the platform of the forward car."

"Is he killed?"

"They say so. Nobody else was hurt. He was a splendid fellow."

A tall, handsome, bearded man, in dark blue clothing, but his face was ghastly pale when they laid him on Grandfather Crowninshield's own bed, and the surgeon, who had been among the passengers, bent gloomily above him.

"Head all right," muttered the man of science. "Only a cut or so. Ah, there's a rib, two of 'em, and his arm below the elbow. Struck the ground so, that's clear, and the other bones are likely to be all right. Must have been leaning out to look ahead, I should say. Hallo, what's that light on his face?"

The light in the room, what with the crowd and the country candles, had been none of the brightest, but just at this moment a clear, golden gleam was poured down on the face of the injured man, and slowly, as if the radiance itself had awakened him, he opened his eyes and looked dreamily about him.

The surgeon heard a sigh that was half a sob close behind him, and looked up to see that the sudden light came from Katie's lantern, but just then the questioning eyes of the wounded conductor fell upon her face, and he exclaimed faintly but earnestly:

"I knew it was you. There was hardly room to stop the train in, but we'd have all gone to pieces if it hadn't been for you and your light. You've saved them all."

And so Katie Crowninshield suddenly found herself a heroine, with a swarm of grateful people about her, very much to her discomfort. They would have made her a present if she would have allowed them, but the only really welcome words she heard from any one were those of the surgeon.

"What, killed? A man like him? Nonsense! He'll carry his arm in a sling for a month or so, but he'll be up again in a fortnight."

Of course, no time was lost in repairing the track and in forwarding the passengers, and a few hours after saw the old farm-house as quiet and peaceful looking as ever. Even the surgeon had done his work and gone. The engine lay battered and helpless among the boulders where it had forced its wilful way. The conductor lay still on Grandfather Crowninshield's bed, and the fitful slumbers the surgeon's opiate gave were starry with signals that white fingers held up before his dreaming eyes. As for Katie and her lantern, the latter had fairly burned itself out and asleep on the little table in Katie's own room, and she herself had by no means clearly comprehended, as yet, the happy consequences of her railway signaling. It was very much like a dream to her, for Katie was no propheteess, nor could even the lantern throw any light upon the future. She could not see, just then, and yet the days that followed brought it all to pass, that neither she herself nor grandfather and grandmother Crowninshield would consent to any more railroading or signaling. It was much better, indeed, they declared, nor did he himself pretend to deny it, that Katie's husband should farm broad acres of the fertile valley than that he should any more be at the mercy of train-wreckers and wayside-lanterns.—And when the question was decided to her liking, such a hug and kiss was that which Katie Crowninshield gave.

"To whom?"

"Why, to her lantern, of course."

A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

BY HAP HAZARD.

"Do not sit up for me, Mary. It will be well toward morning before I can possibly get back."

"But why travel in the night, John? If you cannot reach home until late, why not wait for daylight?"

"I expect to meet a party from the Cross Roads the first thing in the morning, and their case requires immediate attention. Here, Johnny, my boy, papa's going," and as a little curly-headed fellow, who was tumbling over and over in the grass in high glee, jumped up and ran to him, he took him up in his arms and kissed him, with a father's pride in his first born.

"Me too! Me too!" cried a couple of ringing voices. Seeing their brother caressed, Nell and Sue had dropped, the one her rag doll, the other her pet kitten, and now stood at their father's knees, urgently demanding their share of attention.

The father stooped down and clasped his children in a common embrace, while the mother looked on with a happy smile to see their little arms go round his neck in eager hugs of fondness and their tender lips and faces pressed lovingly to his bearded cheek. It was over at last, and the happy father stood erect.

"I must go, my dear," he said. "Good bye! Take care of the children."

And with that he was gone, radiant, happy, and with no foreshadowing of evil.

John Best was a justice of the peace in the township where he lived, and his judicial duties frequently took him from home. So, although their cabin was situated in the depths of the forest and at a distance from any other habitation, his little family went about their usual pursuits without feeling particularly lonesome in his absence.

As the morning advanced, the noise of a vehicle jolting over the rough road, accompanied by a voice drawling out a song in that peculiar cadence which characterizes the melodies of the Emerald Isle, broke in upon the quiet of their little world. It proved to be a rickety old cart drawn by a cow in quaint rope harness. The animal was driven, or rather was suffered to go at her own gait, by a gray-haired old man, who drew feebly at the stump of a clay pipe which he held between his straggling yellow teeth, occasionally removing it to give utterance to the refrain of a song which probably carried him back in imagination to his younger days in his home far over the sea.

The cart came to a stand still before the door, very much as a matter of course, for the old cow was accustomed to stop at every house she came to.

"A neighborly greeting to you, Mr. McCarty!" called out the housewife from the doorway.

"The thop o' the mor-rning to yez, Misthress Best!" returned the old man, heartily. "It's a foine day we're havin', this same."

"It is, indeed. And if that's what brings you this way I hope we may have many of them."

"It's to mill I'm going, for we must have bread for the babies, Misthress Best. The dame told me that the male was getting low, so I love in the ghrist and hitched up old Betty, thinking belike we'd not have so fair a day ag'in in a hurry."

"But you're not going by without having a neighborly chat and a mug of beer, are you? You've made a great stranger of yourself lately, and must come in and tell me all about Mrs. McCarty and Jamie. I haven't heard how the little fellow is getting on with that cruel cut."

"He's doing bravely. He shows himself a McCarty," replied the old man, proudly; and continued: "But I'll come in as ye bid me. Sure, it wouldn't be neighborly to refuse a dhrop from a friend like yez, Misthress Best. An' if the truth must be told, it 'ud be haird for an ould man like meself to stand ag'in the temptation o' that same ilegant brewing you're so noted for."

Indeed the old man's mouth had been watering for this very invitation, which never failed to be extended; and he descended from the cart with surprising alacrity for one so old, and addressed himself to the good cheer set before him by his hospitable hostess.

The domestic concerns of the two families were soon exhausted, and then the conversation turned upon topics of a more general nature.

"They do say," declared the old man, between the whiffs of his pipe, which had succeeded Mrs. Best's beer, "they do say as them bloody hathens of Injuns be up to the ould antics, off to westward. All the Juniata folks are drove clane out o' house and home intirely!"

"O, Mr. McCarty! It's dreadful, isn't it?" exclaimed Mrs. Best, with a woman's ready sympathy.

"An' faith it's that same, the bloody spalpeens! Sure, we'll never get shut o' them, at all, at all, without murdthering every mother's son o' them!" replied the old man, with singular complacency, considering the sanguinary character of the proposed remedy.

"And then they are so near. But surely you don't think there can be any danger to us."

And Mrs. Best, her mother's heart quick to take the alarm, involuntarily put her arm about little Sue, as if to protect her from threatening danger.

"Now, *will* ye be aisy?" exclaimed the old man. "An' who said as the murdthering de'ils 'ud be prowling around here? Bad cess to the likes o' them! It's a warm welcome they'd be getting in these parts, I'm a-thinkin'!"

"You musn't think me over-fearful, Mr. McCarty, but I'm a woman all alone, now John's away."

"He's a thruant lad, iver away from the house, that same John," observed Mr. McCarty.

"Oh! but he makes up for it when he is at home," rejoined the wife, eager in the defence of her husband. "There's not a better husband or father——"

"Surely! surely!" interrupted the old man, in a conciliatory tone. "It's not gainsayin' that he's the best b'y in the country I'd be doin' as knows there ain't him as 'll pull an even yoke wid him for many a good mile round—be it a fisticuff or a shindy!"

Mrs. Best took no exception to this somewhat equivocal encomium, considering the good intentions of the speaker; and the old man, having first replenished and lighted his pipe, arose to go.

After the departure of her old friend, Mrs. Best did not sing about her work so cheerfully as she had done before. There was a feverish nervousnsss perceptible in her manner; and she kept her eye on the children, making them stay just about the door.

Dinner time came and passed; and in the middle of the afternoon it was with a feeling of great relief that she heard the returning cart. It didn't take a second bidding to induce Mr. McCarty to again enter and do honor to her brewing. And now she kept him, by one device and another, as long as possible, and felt more lonesome than ever after he was gone. She could not rid her mind of the gloomy foreboding of coming danger. She assured herself again and again that her fears were groundless, but all to no purpose.

As the sun went down she stood in the door and looked wistfully toward the bridge.

"I wish John was at home!" she said, almost ready to cry. Then she roused herself, called the little ones in, and closed the door.

After their frugal supper, the children were soon put to bed, but the mother sat up, trying to overcome her restlessness with fatigue. Then, at an hour that was quite late for one of pastoral habits, she rolled up her work and began to prepare for bed.

"It is cheerful for John, and he always expects it when he is coming home at night," she said to herself as she placed a lighted candle in the window, first having to pin a cloth across the sash, where Johnny's ball had knocked out a pane of glass. Then she undressed and laid herself beside her sleeping children, but not before she had offered up an earnest prayer for their preservation through the night and the safe return of her husband.

It was long before she fell asleep, and then her rest was troubled; but at last overtaxed nature yielded, and there succeeded some hours of dreamless repose. Then her mind began to work again. At first it was merely a sense of depression. Then it seemed as if some undefined danger were impending over her little ones. It was as if a great cloud had cast its chilling shadow over her. Finally the atmosphere began to clear, and the dread spectre took the form of something—a man or animal—creeping stealthily toward her.

She essayed to start up—terror paralyzed her limbs! She tried to cry out—her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth! And still the danger approached—nearer, nearer—until she felt its breath on her cheek. But whatever it was, it could not be human; for its breath was like ice, and seemed to freeze the very marrow in her bones!

With a mighty effort she struggled thro' the spell that bound her, and set upright in bed. Her heart was palpitating wildly, a clammy sweat stood in beads of ice on her skin, and she shook from head to foot, as with an ague.

The candle was out and everything wrapped in darkness. The flapping of the cloth which she had pinned over the window explained the extinction of the light, and also the cold breath of the phantom that had haunted her dreams—the wind had forced the pin from its hold.

She smiled at her fears, and was about to get up and relight the candle, that her late returning husband might not miss the cheerful beacon, when she was suddenly thrilled by a sound from without. It was only the snapping of a dry twig, but in the present state of her nerves it was enough to fill her with alarm.

She sat perfectly still and listened, but the minutes dragged slowly on without a repetition of the sound. She shivered with cold and ached with the continued tension of her muscles. Still she could not prevail upon herself to move; she could not persuade herself that it was not a foot that had caused the breaking of the twig.

Only her eyes were free, and they roved about the room incessantly. Suddenly they became fixed. She saw something move. It was slowly coming in to view above the sill of the window. It was round like the head of a man!

All power of motion was now gone. She was frozen with terror. She sat bolt upright and stared at the dreadful spectacle. Slowly, inch by inch, it rose. Fear and darkness prevented her from noticing anything save that it was round—that it was a head! Higher—higher—until from its conformation she judged that the eyes were above the sill, and then stopped.—Her excited fancy pictured horrible glaring eyes—eyes so fierce, so flaming, that they would almost seem to burn and sear all that they rested upon.

Just then little Sue awoke, and as she strained her eyes through the gloom, said in a voice hushed by childish affright:

"Mamma!"

Her moving aroused the other children, and seeing their mother so still, they set up a plaintive wail of terror.

"Hush! my poor babes!" cried the agonized mother, clasping the little ones to her breast.

The next moment she started and looked about in amazement. The cause of her emotion was a deep, fervent "Thank God!" In an instant she was out of bed, and her trembling fingers were busy with the fastening of the door. The next she fell almost fainting into the arms of her husband; and the greeting of the parents, and the voices of the little girls, who kept cooing softly "Papa! papa!" were drowned in the lusty cheer of master Johnny.

A hasty explanation disclosed the fact that Mr. Best had heard of the Indian raid, and hastened home to find the light, which always awaited his return, no longer burning. Feeling that his worst fears for his family were realized, and apprehensive that the undisturbed appearance of the house was but a snare to entrap him, he crept cautiously forward to reconnoitre, when he heard the voices of his children and knew that all was well.

NEWSPAPERS.—Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with one newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satisfied, and books, though useful, yea, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demands of youth or age. Our country newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents as eagerly devoured; then comes the demand for the city news, national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and scientific journals. All these are demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind.

Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county and locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance the very next thing after family greetings, he inquires for your village or county newspaper, and you feel discomforted if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it.

Newspapers are just as necessary to fit a man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefooted boy rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child who is eager for newspapers. He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal it is a rule that never fails. Give your children newspapers.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.—An editor is a man who lives on what other people owe him until he starves to death. A subscriber is one who takes a paper and says he is well pleased with it, and he tells everybody else "he ought to subscribe." After he has subscribed about seven years, the editor writes to him and asks him to let him have $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents), and the subscriber writes back to the editor and tells him not to send his old paper any more, for there is nothing in it, and then the poor editor goes and starves himself to death, some more.

A BABY was born on a street railway car in St. Louis. If it's a boy it ought to be christened H'oscar.—*N. Y. World.* But, as it's a girl, the mother has determined to name it Car'line.—*Courier-Journal.*

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Dec. 19, 1873.

GEN. FREDERIC DENT, father of the wife of President Grant, died in Washington City on last Monday night. He had reached the advanced age of 88 years. His remains were taken to St. Louis for interment.

A PAPER containing serious charges against George H. Williams, who has been nominated by Grant as Chief Justice, has been sent to the U. S. Senate from Oregon, where Williams resides. It is now thought he will be rejected.

A BILL repealing the Bankrupt Law passed the lower House of Congress last Tuesday. It provides that cases now in process of adjudication shall not be affected by the repeal, ang that the law, so far as those cases are concerned, shonld be continued until they are formally disposed of. It also reduces the fees of the officers under the law fifty per cent.

PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ died in Boston, on Sunday last, aged 67 years. He was a native of Switzerland, and in his own country held a high rank as a Professor of Natural History. He came to the United States in 1846, and in 1847 accepted the Professorship of Zoology and Geology in Harvard University. As a naturalist he was without a rival in this country, or perhaps in the world. As his loss to science cannot easily be repaired, his death will be deplored throughout the United States as a national calamity.

HON. SAMUEL NELSON, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, died suddenly, of apoplexy, at his residence in Cooperstown, New York, on last Saturday, in the 83d year of his age. Judge Nelson was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court by President Tyler, in 1844, and discharged the duties of that position until December, 1872, when he resigned on account of his great age and failing health. His career upon the bench was always marked by great ability, firmness, discretion, and the purpose to do justice, and his opinions were always clear and comprehensive. When he was in the full vigor of life his name was more than once suggested in connection with the Democratic nomination for President.—Thus one by one are the great and honored Judges of our highest Court rapidly passing away, and the broad mantles of men who were giants in their day are falling on the narrow shoulders of professional politicians and judicial pigmies, who are not fit to have unloosed the latchets of their shoes.

THE power of *the people* was sternly manifested at the election in the *East* ward of this borough last Tuesday. The political complexion of the ward is Republican in the proportion of about 6 to 1. A prominent citizen of the ward, who, in a square political contest, can and generally does control its Republican vote, was earnest and untiring in his opposition to the new Constitution. That he had a perfect right to stand on that platform and to induce others to do so, we do not question, if his reasons were satisfactory to himself, whatever others may have thought of their force or propriety. And yet, notwithstanding all the efforts of the gentleman referred to, there stood his party friends, fatally bent on the adoption of the new Constitution, and no power on earth, and much less *his* appeals, could drive them from their position. They believed they were *right*, and all the arguments of the mere politician fell harmless at their feet. The ward gave a majority of 58 for the Constitution. It is an instructive lesson to those who will attempt to stand between the people and a purpose which they have deliberately formed.

The Constitution Adopted.

We congratulate the readers of the *Freeman* and the friends of the new Constitution everywhere on the decisive victory that was achieved on last Tuesday. It is safe to say that the people of the State, irrespective of party, have given an emphatic approval to the work of the Constitutional Convention. It is unnecessary for us to publish this week the estimated majorities for and against the Constitution in the several counties of the State. It is sufficient now to say that the aggregate majority in favor of that instrument will not, in all probability, be less than *one hundred and fifty thousand*. We have heard of but *four* counties in the State in which the people have given majorities *against* the new Constitution.

It will be a day long to be remembered in the history of our noble old Commonwealth, and it will form a new departure in the future advancement and material progress of the State. No true friend of honesty and reform in the government of the State will ever regret that he cast his ballot in favor of the new Constitution.

The majority in its favor in Philadelphia is especially gratifying. The force and power of the corrupt rings which have ruled and cursed that city for years were shattered and utterly broken, and a majority of 27,000 in ratification of the good work was the verdict of an honest vote. The upright men of all parties in that city moved in solid phalanx—strong, determined and irresistible—and the infamous and corrupt Philadelphia Ring melted away before the thundering voice of the people as a mist in the glare of the morning sunlight. It was a noble work, achieved on a bright and glorious day, and its healing and beneficial results will be felt and acknowledged by future generations. All honor to the virtue, independence and patriotism of the people. *Their* right to govern is not yet a failure, but by the vote of Tuesday is sanctioned and reassured.

George H. Williams.

The general feeling throughout the country since the death of Chief Justice Chase has been that Grant would commit one of his chronic blunders in the selection of his successor. Their worst fears have been realized by the appointment of the man whose name stands at the head of this article. Grant had a glorious opportunity to meet the popular demand, and he declared on several occasions during the summer that he would do so, and now the nomination of George H. Williams, who has no capacity as a statesman and but little reputation as a lawyer, is the humiliating result. The people asked for bread and our "Second Washington" has given them a stone. He has distinguished himself in this appointment quite as much as he did in the selection of his first Cabinet, an executive feat that startled the whole country. If he could not be persuaded by his true friends to confer the high honor on either Benjamin R. Curtis, of Boston, or Wm. M. Evarts, of New York, either of whom would have been eminently acceptable to the country, he ought not to have insulted it by the selection of such a man as Williams. A President, however, who could appoint A. T. Ackerman Attorney General was fully capable of making a Chief Justice out of the most objectionable material. At this writing we have no news that the Senate has acted on the nomination, but the presumption is strong that it will be confirmed.

The subjoined article from the Utica *Observer* will show our readers out of what kind of material Grant can manufacture a successor to John Marshal, Roger B. Taney, and Salmon P. Chase:

George H. Williams, of New York, Iowa, Oregon, Washington, and elsewhere, is Grant's appointee for the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. If any theorist or doctrinaire among all our readers is inclined to take issue with the people of our State who lately, by an overwhelming majority, decided to preserve the elective judiciary, let him look at Williams and hold his peace. For this is the ripe fruit of the appointive system under the one-man power and the evil influences of gross partisanship. It will stand as a monumental warning to the Empire State henceforth and forever.

The new Chief Justice links to the legal acquirements of a rural attorney the judicial attributes of an average justice of the peace, and the blind but changeable prejudices of a cross-roads politician. Circumstances have conspired heretofore to give him places beyond his deserts, and to lift him above the level of the class to which he belongs. But at each successive stage of his progress he has betrayed the littleness of his nature and the narrowness of his intellect. While he was the creature of an hour, liable at any moment to sink into the insignificance which he graces, his character called for neither analysis nor criticism; but now that he is clothed with the highest judicial honors of the republic, we must needs look at the man before we bow our heads in shame at the reproach which this appointment brings upon the land.

George H. Williams was born in Columbia county on the 23d of March, 1823. He received a common school education, studied law, and removed to Iowa, where he commenced practice. He made an immediate strike for office, and joined his fortunes to the party which happened to be in power in the State at that time—the Democracy. In 1847 he was elected Judge of the First Judicial District. The entire voting population of Iowa then about equalled that of Oneida county now, and Williams' Judicial District numbered fewer citizens than our Second Assembly District. In 1852 he lost his office and cast about for another place. He served as one of the Presidential electors who cast the vote of the State for Franklin Pierce, and immediately after the inauguration of that President he hastened to Washington to claim his reward. After much importunity he succeeded in getting himself appointed Territorial Judge of Oregon. He held the office five years, and then resigned to enter more actively into politics. On the election of Mr. Lincoln, Williams of course became a Republican. Political adventurers of his class invariably float their "principles" in the current of patronage. In 1865, in the general scramble for office which followed Lincoln's second election, Mr. Williams secured the United States Senatorship from Oregon. His term expired in 1871, and he put forth a desperate effort for a re-election, but the feeling against him was so strong that his party was swept from power and a Democrat was elected to succeed him. To heal his wounds the President named him as the successor of Judge Hoar in the office of Attorney-General. There he disgraced himself by his infamous connection with the Louisiana outrage. He did not lack the audacity to acknowledge that what he called his "construction of law" was made for the benefit of the Republican party; but every respectable Republican lawyer in the Senate declared last winter that this "construction" was not only atrocious but absurd. Let us review very briefly that Louisiana business. On the 4th of December, 1872, E. H. Durel, a Federal Judge, issued an order commanding the Federal Marshal to take possession of the State House at New Orleans and garrison the same with Federal troops. He then issued another order, setting forth by name the persons who, by his pleasure, should constitute the Legislature. Every white man in the list was a Federal office-holder, and several of them had not been candidates before the people. These men took their seats under the guard of Federal bayonets, and proceeded to impeach Gov. Warmoth and to instal P. B. S. Pinchback, a State Senator whose term had expired, in the Executive chair. The next day, Dec. 6, Geo. H. Williams telegraphed from Washington that the Government approved this action and recognized none but the usurpers. Williams then proceeded to prepare an "opinion," in which his ignorance of law was poorly concealed by a flood of passionate invective and partisan claptrap.

And this George H. Williams is the man who is to wear the robes of Marshal, Taney and Chase! In the language of a Western contemporary, "it fatigues the indignation," and we have nothing more to say.

THE proposal to increase the national taxes $42,000,000, says the Pittsburg *Post*, is exciting a debate in Congress that is likely to show the workings of the Radical financiers in anything but an enviable light. Mr. Dawes, the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was forced to admit that in the present condition of affairs, it was impossible to so limit the estimates for the present fiscal year that an increase of taxation to the extent of forty or fifty millions will make up for the deficiency, and intimates that the necessary increase of taxation will be greater. Dawes thinks that some four millions of dollars of extra salaries might be turned into the Treasury by those who are now drawing them. We never knew before that Mr. Dawes was given to humor. The idea of Radical officials covering in their extra salaries is excessively funny.

PERSONS who have become thoroughly chilled from any cause, may have their circulation at once restored by taking into the stomach a teaspoonful of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* mixed in a little cold water, well sweetened.

—A minister of Lock Haven shot a horse for a deer a short time ago.

A Terrible Tragedy.

One of the most shocking tragedies ever brought to light in New England is that of the murder of the Kimball family.—The family consisted of George U. Kimball, his wife and his stepdaughter, the daughter of Mrs. Kimball by a former husband. They resided and kept boarders in a modest-appearing house on the corner of Park and Common streets, Charlestown. It seems that Mr. Kimball arose at his usual hour in the morning, and, as was his custom, proceeded up stairs about six o'clock to arouse the boarders. Up to this time no noise had been heard in the house, and persons who must have been passing while the terrible deeds were being committed, neither saw nor heard anything to attract their attention. At the time he called the boarders one of them remarked that he thought he would lay awhile longer, to which Mr. Kimball replied, "You had better come down now."

THE MURDERER TAKES HIS OWN LIFE.

A few minutes later two of the boarders went down together, and as they stepped to the door of the parlor they discovered Mr. Kimball standing in the sitting-room beyond, off of which his chamber opened, in his night dress and with a terrible gash in his throat, from which the blood was streaming, while in his hand he held an open razor. Mr. Kimball, on seeing his boarders, motioned for them with the razor to keep back, and, not caring to attempt to disarm him, they ran speedily out into the street to summon the police. In a short time officers Green, Webb and Pearson were found, and the five quickly returned to the house. On entering the sitting-room a horrible sight met their gaze. Upon the floor, in a pool of blood, lay the unfortunate man. He was not dead, for as officer Pearson stepped up to him he attempted to get up, at the same time exclaiming, "D—n you, get out of here, or I will cut you too!" He then fell back, weak from the loss of blood. Officers Pearson and Webb attempted to staunch the flow of blood, but either one of the three cuts would have proved fatal, and in five minutes after the officers arrived he was dead.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SLAIN.

On entering the sitting-room the officers noticed that Mrs. Kimball was still in bed, apparently asleep, but upon investigation, she was found to be dead. There were no marks about her person to show in what manner she had been murdered, except a slight discoloration about the throat.—From this it is supposed that she was strangled to death. The body lay in a natural position, with the hands crossed upon the breast, and the orderly appearance of the bedclothes showed that the murderer sprang upon her while she was in a sound sleep, and that she died with scarcely a struggle. A handkerchief covered with blood stains was found by the bedside, which had evidently been used to gag and prevent her outcry.

Search was then made for the daughter, a young woman of about seventeen years, and on opening the door to her bed-room, a very small apartment opening out of the parlor, another horrible sight met the officers' gaze, which caused the stoutest heart to quail. The body of the girl was found lying across the bed with her throat cut from ear to ear, the head being nearly severed from the body. From the appearance of the bed it is thought that she was awakened before the deed was accomplished, and struggled to save her life, but without avail. This completed the horrible picture, no attempt being made by the murderer to take the life of any boarder.

BAZAINE FOUND GUILTY.—The counsel for Marshal Bazaine concluded his address to the court at Versailles on Wednesday last. He demanded an acquittal and claimed the prosecution was a political one.—The prosecutor in closing the case said a terrible example should be made of the accused as a lesson to the rising generation. Then Bazaine himself introduced a dramatic incident. Before the judges withdrew to determine their verdict, he said —"I have two words in my breast—Honor and Country. I have never been wanting towards this proud motto during my forty-two years of service. I swear before Christ that I have not betrayed France."

After a long deliberation the judges, headed by the Orleans Prince D'Aumale, declared Bazaine guilty of the charges of the capitulation of Metz, and of the army in the open field, without doing all that was prescribed by honor and duty to avoid a surrender, and unanimously condemned him to death, and to be degraded from his rank previous to his execution. The sentence includes the payment of costs and his expulsion from the Legion of Honor. The crowd about the palace where the court held its sittings warmly cheered when the verdict was rendered. After judgment had been given, all the members of the court signed an appeal for mercy, which Duke D'Aumale immediatately conveyed in person to President MacMahon. Bazaine was greatly agitated when he heard the decision of the court.

On Friday President MacMahon commuted the sentence of death against the Marshal two twenty years' seclusion. He is to bear the effects of degradation from his rank, but will be spared any humiliating ceremony. The result of this commutation of Bazaine's punishment will be his enforced residence in a place designated by the government, where he will be under the immediate and constant surveillance of the police during the entire period of his seclusion. He will therefore be, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner, although he will at no time be lodged in jail, or restricted in his daily habits or personal movements. He is to be spared the humiliation of any ceremony in his degradation from his rank in the army, but he has ceased to be a marshal of France or even an officer in her army, and likewise loses his position in the legion of honor, and all the other orders with which he had been decorated.

SENATOR MITCHELL IN MORE TROUBLE.—Senator Mitchell's change of name is making more trouble for him in Oregon, as appears from the following paragraph in the Portland *News* of November 24th: "The Hipple-Mitchell medley has finally got into Court, to the annoyance and perplexity of lawyers and judges. In the Circuit Court of the State, for the county of Polk, now in session, there is a suit of foreclosure pending wherein J. H. Mitchell and J. N. Dolph are plaintiffs and Ezra Scovill, Harlow Harry, et al., are defendants. And now come the defendants and file their plea in abatement, on the ground that there has been a misjoinder of parties plaintiff. They make the point, in short, that there is not any such a man as J. H. Mitchell, and they therefore decline to defend in a suit brought by this mythical personage. The argument of the matter will come up before Judge Bonham, at Dallas, next Monday, and in the meantime the attorney for the defendants is in this city procuring transcripts of the unheard-of, unauthorized, and farcical proceedings, had last summer in the Multnomah county court, for the purpose of adjudging that the man's name was what he said it was. The features in this suit are rare.

EVERY farmer who owns a good stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*. One dollar's worth will save at least a half ton of hay.

A Dreadful Death.

FATAL RIDE BENEATH A SLEEPING-CAR OF A NIGHT EXPRESS.

A horrible and somewhat singular death occurred in this city yesterday morning.—A young man named John Dana, who reported himself as recently from Lower Canada, was discovered at Atchison, by the brakeman on the St. Joseph and Kansas City passenger train, concealed beneath a sleeping car. He had been riding beneath the car from St. Joseph, having held himself upon the trucks and rested his feet down upon the brake beam. The brakeman advised him to get out of his dangerous position, but it appears that he failed to take his advice. He held on to his uncomfortable position and reached Harlem, opposite Kansas City, in the middle of the night. He was notified that he would not be permitted to ride longer in the truck of the sleeping car, which was to be switched off the Kansas City train and attached to the out-going St. Louis train. He attempted to disengage himself from the truck, and owing to his cold and benumbed condition, was unable to do so quick enough to escape danger. Just as he was crawling across the track the train backed suddenly, and the heavy wheels of the sleeping car caught his left leg, running over it just below the hip.

The brakeman who stood near him says the poor fellow fell back, and uttered no cry while the heavy iron flanges of the car wheels crushed and mangled the thigh.—He was taken up and at once conveyed to West Kansas City, where, through the kindness and attention of the Nugent brothers, his last hours were made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The left thigh was mangled and crushed in a most horrible manner; the muscles and flesh were crushed out of the skin in a large raw mass. He said he did not feel much pain; he was evidently so benumbed with cold that feeling was impossible. He vomited some little before his death, but he died comparatively easy. He was a pale, delicately-built man, of about twenty-eight or thirty. He had evidently been suffering from the pangs of poverty, and was in want of the common necessaries of life. In his pocket was found an empty purse, an empty tobacco pouch, and four postage-stamps. He said he was unmarried, had no friends nearer than Lower Canada, and was endeavoring to reach St. Louis. The city physician attended him last night, and will see that the corpse receives decent burial.—*Kansas City Times, Dec. 10th.*

THE SCARLET FEVER—A VERY SIMPLE REMEDY.—Rob't Christie, of Potrero, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, suggests a remedy for the scarlet fever which he avers has invarably proved successful. It is very simple, and lies within the reach of those whose limited means preclude them from employing the services of a physician. It is this: Take an onion and cut it in half; cut out a portion of the center, and into the cavity put a spoonful of saffron; put the pieces together, then wrap them up in a cloth, and bake them in an oven until the onion is cooked so that the juice will run freely; squeeze out all the juice, and give the patient a teaspoonful, at the same time rubbing the chest and throat with goose grease or rancid bacon, if there is any cough or soreness in the throat. In a short time the fever will break out in an eruption all over the body. All that is necessary is to keep the patient warm and protected from draught, and the recovery is certain. Mr. Christie says he has been employing this remedy for many years, and never knew it to fail when proper care was taken of the patient after its application. One family, in which there were five children, down with the disease recently, used this simple remedy upon his telling them of it, and every one of the little ones recovered in a short time.

A SPECIAL telegram from Susquehanna Depot, under date of the 12th, inst., says: Seventy children attending school at Oakland, a little village near here, had a narrow escape from suffocation from coal gas on Tuesday morning. The presence of the poison in the air was not known to the teacher until about eleven o'clock, when the smaller children began to drop from their seats to the floor, where the lay unconscious. The teacher then, greatly alarmed, announced the dismissal of the school; but not over half of the scholars could get out of their seats, and the remainder rapidly fell into unconsciousness. As quickly as possible the were dragged into the air and laid on the ground. A few of them revived on getting into the air, but twenty five remained unconscious. A physician was summoned, who succeeded, after long and persistent efforts, in reviving all of them. One little girl was three hours insensible. If they had remained in the school-room but very little longer half of them at least would have been past all relief. Several are yet very sick from the effects of the gas. The foul air was driven into the room by the stove-pipe having by some means been jammed against the back of the chimney, preventing draught.

DEATH OF A LADY WHO DANCED WITH WASHINGTON.—Mrs. Frances M. Burling died in Milford, Pa., recently, aged 96 years. Her maiden name was Hurst. She was a belle in New York society nearly eighty years ago. On one occasion, at a public reception in that city, she was Gen. Washington's partner in a dance. She was on terms of intimate acquaintance with Lafayette, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, and many of the great men and women of that day. Her personal reminiscences of the early days of the republic were very interesting, she retaining a recollection of the piquant small talk as well as the notable incidents of the time. Burling slip was named after her husband, who was a prominent resident of New York half a century ago, and who owned much of the property in the vicinity of the slip. He removed to Milford many years ago with his wife and daughter, where he died. The daughter, Mrs. Day, a widow, survives her parents. Mrs. E. Cahill, of 17 Park Row, is an adopted daughter of Mr. Day. Mrs. Burling left a large amount of property. Besides her daughter, an unmarried brother, aged 90, survives her.

TAKING TURNS IN BED.—A case of the most abject poverty which, in a measures, serves to show the extremes in which many of the poorer classes are placed, was reported by a police officer at the Home for Little Wanderers a few days since.—The officer, in the performance of his duties, had his attention called to two half-clad children, wandering about the streets with bare heads and feet, in search of cold victuals. On investigation he found that these children had a brother and sister home in bed with no clothes to put on.—When the two became chilled and tired they went home and changed places with the others, who then donned the rags and took their turn at begging. The mother was a widow, and she was obliged to leave the children every day for her work in another part of the city. By her labor she earned $3 a week, two of which she gave for rent of the room she and her children occupied. The family of five were obliged to live on $1 a week and such morsels of food as the children picked up from day to day.—*Boston Advertiser.*

News and Political Items.

—A Cincinnati cook was lately seriously injured by the explosion of a turkey.

—A lady of Lockport died last week of eating four quarts of oysters for a $100 wager.

—Pittsburgh claims the youngest councilman in the United States. He has just turned twenty-one.

—Asher Shaver, of Luzerne county, recently robbed his father of $500 and ran away with a fast female.

—Senator Sumner refuses to act on any of the Senate Committees because he is put on the tail end of them.

—David Story, a saloon keeper on the outskirts of Hazelton, Pa., was murdered on Saturday night. Eight suspected persons have been arrested.

—An engraver in Springfield, Mass., has cut the Lord's Prayer into a piece of copper less than one-fourth the size of a silver three-cent piece, and there is room in the circle for fifteen or twenty words more.

—There is a woman in Iowa who, although possessed of the usual organ of speech, has not spoken for five years. Under a state of religious infatuation she made an oath that she never would speak more, and has so far kept her word.

—Salt Lake witnessed a horrible spectacle on Saturday—the downfall of a French tight-rope walker, who was attempting to cross from the top of a theatre to a private building on the opposite side of the street. He received injuries that are presumed to be fatal.

—The La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat says that a curiosity, in the form of an Indian woman eighty-five years old and thirty-six inches high, is on exhibition in that city. She belongs to the Chippewa tribe, and lives about fifteen miles from Ashland, Lake Superior.

—The Bender family, charged with a number of murders in Kansas, were arrested in Biningsville, Spartanburg county, S. C., a few days ago. The father and mother are in custody, and the son and daughter, living in North Carolina, are being sought after. The family name is Webb.

—At Carbondale, Ill., on Saturday, John M. Brush, an old and esteemed army telegrapher, while registering his name at the Planters' Hotel, accidentally spilled some ink on the register. This provoked the anger of the clerk and the proprietor, resulting in the latter instantly killing Brush.

—A woman with a baby, on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg train on Tuesday, finding that the car she was in had left the track, and fearing a general smash-up, threw the child out of the window. The child struck upon its head and died soon after. The train was stopped before any damage was done.

—A dispatch from Sheffield, Eng., says the city was visited on Tuesday last by a terrible storm. A large number of buildings and chimneys were blown down, and many persons killed. One immense chimney crushed a building and a boiler house in it. The boiler exploded, killing and wounding several persons.

—The Albany Journal warns lovers of buckwheat cakes that there is an injurious syrup in the market called the "golden drip," made from common starch, sulphuric acid, etc. Its impure character can be detected by pouring a small quantity into a little strong tea, which it immediately turns as black as ink.

—The ship Arabia, from Calcutta for Boston, has foundered at sea. No date is given, but it occurred in latitude 28 North, longitude 63 West. Part of the crew have been landed at Gravesend, England, from the bark Tropic, from Kingston, Jamaica, which vessel rescued them. The remainder of the crew, thirteen in number, were drowned while bailing.

—The Albany *Journal* says: "General W. A. C. Ryan, who met his death at the massacre in Cuba by the Spanish a short time since, was engaged to be married to Miss Gebhard, daughter of a prominent citizen of Schoharie county, and a very amiable and accomplished young lady. The nuptials were to have been celebrated on Thanksgiving day."

—Near Knoxville, Tenn., it is said there is a mule which has been but one time outside of its stable in twenty years, and then it was taken out by the soldiers during the war, and as they could not use the animal, it was immediately replaced. It is said that its hoofs have grown to the length of about 12 inches, turning up at the ends, while its mane reaches to the ground.

—A fire in Modoc city, Pa., in the centre of the Butler oil district, Friday morning last, destroyed about one-fourth of the town. Elsasser, in whose store the fire originated, was mobbed by a crowd of desperate men with a rope, and escaped hanging only by his tears and protests of innocence. There is the greatest excitement in the town, and Elsasser has hid himself.

—Marshal Bazaine was married in the city of Mexico, June 28, 1865, when he was united to Senorita Dona Josefa Rena Azcarate. The civil marriage was performed by the Intendent of the city, after which the Archbishop pronounced a blessing on the happy couple. Maximilian and Carlotta acting as *padrinos*. The bride was a lady of great wealth and beauty, though she was said to be the daughter of a brigand.

—An interesting and perhaps bitter controversy is in prospect between the officers of the Ville du Havre and the Loch Earn in regard to the cowardice and incompetency which is alleged by the latter against the former. Captain Surmont has published in Paris a card of indignant denial in reply to the statements of the English captain. The official investigation which is to be instituted will probably clear up the question.

—The Irish emigrants in America have forwarded to Ireland during the past twenty-one years sums of money aggregating more than was raised in Ireland by tax for the relief of the poor by £1,250,000 sterling; and yet the Irish aristocrats and squireens are continually crying out against their legal liability to support the poor. The charity of the Irish-American emigrants should put their nobility to the blush, if it is capable of blushing. The fact of the amount of the remittances is published in English official returns, prepared for the use of Parliament.

—The New York Herald says: Salary stealing is of a piece with the other corruptions in which Republican rule has been so fertile, and the Republican party has not rejected the thieves, even when caught and known. It accepts them all, and must accept as it own the odium of their acts. Of this the composition of the committees in the House is crowning evidence. Democrats took part in the salary theft, and so have no claim to superior honesty, but the Republicans could have prevented it and did not, and it is upon their party the popular indignation must fall.

—Mrs. Sarah Davis, wife of Edward Davis, of McVeytown, died on Wednesday afternoon last, from the effects of a large dose of arsenic which she took on the Saturday previous during mental depression. She did not make the fact known for some days, and thus rendered medical aid unavailing. Her husband it seems was at times addicted to drinking, causing her much trouble, and some weeks ago she threatened to make way with herself unless he would quit it. No one at the time thought she harbored the actual idea, but she must have brooded over it until in an unfortunate moment she yielded to the temptation. She was a daughter of Thomas Cochran, of Wayne township, about 23 years of age, and had only been married about a year.

—Captain Surmont, on behalf of himself and other officers of the Ville du Havre, indignantly denies the imputation of cowardice made against them in relation to the loss of lives at the time of the disaster to that vessel. All the facts show that Captain Surmont acted in a brave, self-sacrificing manner on the occasion, and the other officers performed their duty in the best possible manner. There may have been a confused or wrong order given by the officer in charge at the time of the collision, but beyond that point no charges of a criminal character can with truth be brought against those having charge of the Ville du Havre, at least not from the facts so far made public.

—A family named Moore, consisting of husband, wife and child, passed through Little Rock, Ark., on Thursday last, en route for Texas. When about seven miles from the city, coming to a stream which had swollen, they were advised to deviate from the main road and make a crossing at a point some distance above, which is in an unfrequented place. They reached a point indicated, where the entire family were murdered and their bodies thrown into the stream. The bodies of Moore and his wife were recovered on Sunday. An inquest was held next day which failed to elicit the slightest clue to the perpetrators of this horrid butchery. The child's body has not yet been found.

—There is to be seen at the livery stable of Garvey & Bro., in Baltimore, a singular freak of nature in a Durham bull calf three weeks old, having two front and three hind legs. The fifth leg is as perfectly shaped as the other four, but is shorter, hanging powerless from the calf. The animal is double boned in the hind limbs, having two well formed thigh and knee joints upon each side. The front limbs are naturally formed. The calf is in a healthy condition and full of life. It comes from a farm two miles from Hanover, Pa., and reached Baltimore among a lot of calves sent there for market. It is the intention of the owner to raise the animal, if possible. Barnum will, no doubt, soon be after the creature.

—A horrible story of outrage has become public in the town of Warren, twelve miles from Detroit. A year and a half since a man giving his name as Charles Louis Alton, was employed to teach the Roman Catholic school at Warren, and as sexton of the church, although nothing was known of his antecedents. During this period Alton outraged the persons of no less than eighteen girls of the school, none of whom were over fourteen years of age. It appears the crimes were all committed in the church, which adjoins the school house, and that the fiend succeeded in terrifying his victims to silence for over a year. The neighborhood of Warren is peopled by Hollanders, generally uneducated, and the children are all of that nationality. Alton has escaped.

—Udderzook was brought into court at West Chester, on Saturday morning last, when Judge Butler gave his decision against granting a new trial. He said the first and fourth reasons had been abandoned. He did not doubt the propriety of sending a photograph to the jury to assist in identification, or the letters submitted as evidence. The evidence against the incompetency of Wilson was inadequate, and that against Nichols failed to show any prejudice. The District Attorney moved that judgment be pronounced. Udderzook, in reply to a question whether he had anything to say, said, by advice of his counsel he would say nothing at this time. Sentence of death was then pronounced. The prisoner showed some emotion, while the Judge was moved to tears.

—The captain of an English vessel, on a voyage to Singapore, noticed recently a peculiar white light, such as he had not previously seen during his twenty-six years of maritime life. At a distance of about twice the ship's length ahead, and coming from the southeast, there appeared as it were milky white waves of light; they advanced with great rapidity every moment, and seemed as though they would devour the ship. These waves rolled over the vessel at intervals of two seconds, losing themselves at about twice the ship's length away in the northwest. After a short time they came in an easterly direction, diminishing gradually in size, till towards 11:30 P. M., they disappeared. The light resembled flakes of snow when driven over the rocks by a strong wind, or when in winter a sort of white mist is blown along the gulf stream over the sea. A shuddering feeling was experienced at the sight, and the intense light made the eyes ache.

THE SUN.

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It reports the fashions for the ladies and the markets for the men, especially the cattle-markets, to which it pays particular attention.

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'74 The Patriot '74

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1874. The World 1874

The great Democratic Victories in Ohio, Maryland and Virginia, the Republican defeats in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois, foreshadow the triumph of Democratic Congress in 1874, and the election of a Democratic President in 1876.

The secret of the triumph already achieved has been steadfast adherence to the principles of the Democratic party. The WORLD has been faithful to its trust. When found in the ranks of the spoiled party as a Democratic Journal, it has upheld the flag of the true Democracy, and is now the leading organ of the Democratic party. That party stands for Honest Money and no Monopoly; Free Trade and Fewer Taxes; Free Ballot and Fair Count; Home Rule and New York supremacy in the Nation; Economy, and the restoration of the Government to the purity of the days before the war, when the Democratic party, overthrowing Federal usurpation, saved the Republic from the consequences of its own folly and corruption, and gave to the country eight years of prosperity, with the lowest taxation and the largest revenue per capita ever known in the history of the country. The Democratic party, in power in Congress, reduced the public debt $23,000,000 in 1867, $26,000,000 in 1868, $48,000,000 in 1869, $49,000,000 in 1870, $61,000,000 in 1871, $94,000,000 in 1872, and $36,000,000 in 1873—more glorious and more beneficent than the past, identified though that be with the founding of the republic, its expansion over a continent, its half century of progress and its century of peace.

The open secret of its future, as of its past and present triumphs, is still a steadfast reference to the organization, and adherence to the principles of the Democratic party, principles never so needful as now, when filched throughout our National, State and municipal life, to heal the wounds and pollution of war, to stop corrupt and reckless expenditure, to limit and economize taxation, trusted to the people's servants, to relieve industries from the fetters of a tariff framed in the interest of monopolists, to restore an honorable paper Currency, and cut off the frauds from the double plundering of bondholders, and to repair the widespread financial disasters caused by the Fiscal policy of the Republican party.

The duty of THE WORLD in the approaching march of the Democratic hosts is to aid in the dissemination of political truth. Its columns will be fruitful in proportion as its influence is widely read.

We ask Democrats everywhere to aid us in scattering the good seed broadcast over the whole land during the period of the canvass for the coming harvests.

Where or how can any Democrat render more efficiently for the diffusion of the principles of his party, and their triumph at the polls in '74 and '76, as by procuring new readers for THE WORLD now?

AS A VEHICLE OF NEWS, THE WORLD, at no expense, no energy, is maintaining its place in the first rank of metropolitan journals. The fresh, abundant, varied news, comprising the whole circle of intelligence, will be discovered as heretofore. TRUSTWORTHY ORGAN OF OPINION, with steady devotion to sound principles and pure morals, with special knowledge of special themes, and with various correspondents reaching apprehension of the movements of men and women in their several spheres and in their market-places, their workshops, their press

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18 DAILY AND WEEKLY.

THE
Pittsburgh Post

The publishers of THE POST take pleasure in again calling the attention of their friends, patrons and the public to the annual status of

THE WEEKLY POST

an eight-page, fif

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - DEC. 19, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Argument Court will be held in this place on Tuesday Feb. 10, 1874.

—Order your hardware, no matter how large or small the bill, from Dibert, Wayne & Co., Johnstown.

—If the weather should continue favorable, it is expected that the work of arching the Gallitzin tunnel will be completed in about three weeks.

—David Sarley, of Huntingdon county, was found dead the other day, lying between two furrows in a field he had been engaged in plowing.

—Washington township is the largest (or perhaps we should say poll) that backs the new Constitution persimmons in this county, the vote standing 127 for and 99 against.

—Two little children of Mr. David Jones, of this place, had their necks and faces scalded, one of them quite severely, by the accidental upsetting of a small quantity of coffee, a few days ago.

—Don't send to the city for your iron, glass, wagon wood work, or anything in that line, as Dibert, Wayne & Co., of Johnstown, can fill all such orders at city prices. Buy from them.

—Frank Johnston, a lad who was recently injured in a coal mine near Latrobe, necessitating the amputation of his left leg, died from the effects of his injuries on Monday of last week.

—D. W. Green, a former citizen of Ebensburg, was run over and instantly killed by a train of cars in the Pittsburgh depot on Tuesday morning. He was employed as yard dispatcher at the time of his death.

—Mrs. John Baker, living near Bell's Mills, Blair county, had the principal part of her nose bitten off by a horse on Saturday last, but with the aid of court plaster the severed portion was placed in position and is now knitting finely.

—Lloyd & Co., of this place, having retired from business as bankers, their old customers seem to patronize them as extensively as before the panic. Persons holding certificates of deposit are expected to call and get the same for settlement without delay.

—William Hutchinson, of Franklin borough, a freight brakeman on the Pa. R. R., had his collar bone broken, on Tuesday evening last, by being caught between the ends of two cars he was engaged in coupling at Morgan's station, one mile east of Johnstown.

—James Murdock, a young married man living at Conemaugh, and who was employed as a freight brakeman on the Pa. R. R., was in a manner and so severely injured by a train of cars near Brinton's station, Monday morning last, that his life is despaired of.

—James Fagan, a young man employed at the Ebensburg Mechanical Works, had the end part of the first joint of the left forefinger, bone and all, torn off by a circular saw on Monday morning last, and looks like a second David with his sling.

—Lloyd & Co.'s bank in this place opened for business on Monday last, and in view of the fact it is to be hoped that confidence will soon be restored and that business matters will ere long join the procession and refrain henceforth and forever from getting on a "tight."

—The Johnstown *Voice* foots up Meaghan's doings, so far as heard from, for 1873, 20, and says that parties representing the National Steamship Company, which that gentleman was acting as agent for, have gone to Ireland in hopes of finding and inducing him to disgorge the funds which he has swindled them out of. John Shaffbaugh, Esq., administrator of Mrs. Campbell, late of Washington township, dec'd, will offer at public sale, on Saturday next, one horse, one mare, one three year old colt, two cows, two head of cattle, four sheep, wagon, sled, harnessing implements, hay, household furniture, etc. See posters printed at this office.

—The Johnstown papers assure us that the case of Elliott vs. Marlett resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for $318, and yet we are told here, where the case is alleged to have been tried, can be made to believe anything else than that the cause was postponed until the next term of Court, on the ground of surprise and at the cost of the defendant.

—Call at Oak Hall, 241 and 243 Main street, Johnstown, and our word for it you will find the most men from whom to purchase a suit of clothing or gent's furnishing goods you may stand in need of. Barker & Brother have a complete assortment of all styles and textures which they are positively selling at lowest panic prices to and participate.

—Persons who contemplate adding to their stocks for the approaching holidays, or have money and secure satisfactory bargains where they reside, by visiting Coppock's famous dry goods, boot and millinery emporium, Opera House corner, main street, Johnstown. No dealer can present a finer array of goods or at more moderate prices.

—Nearly if not fully twenty years Mr. Murphy has carried on the clothing business at No. 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, and all that time, we venture to say, he never failed to supply his customers with the finest goods at honest prices—a fact upon which he still continues to build, as one can find to his profit who will call at his establishment.

—The election for municipal officers in the borough of Gallitzin, held on Tuesday last, resulted in the selection of the following named gentleman: Burgess, Wm. Hutharis; Council, C. D. Bradley, Jos. McCloskey, J. H. Gilson, J. J. Cooper, M. Christy, Isaac Good; Constable, A. Burns; Judge of Election, Jno. Fagan; Inspectors, John Galligan, Jno. Hutt.

—The ring-match between Alcock McGee, of Hollidaysburg, and Henry Belcher, of Allegheny township, this county, for $100 a side and the championship of the county, came off at Cresson yesterday, and was won by Mr. Behe. A telegram from this place gave the "string" as being 6½ inches respectively, but that was simply a mistake, as 6¾ and 7 inches is much nearer the *mark*, if not over.

—The new constitution goes into effect on the first of January next, it behooves everybody who wants to get his business under the old order of things, to attend to Spence's finely fitted up Photograph Gallery as soon as possible. Let no weather deter you from attending to the thing needful, as rain or shine, Spence is fully competent and always willing to do full justice to anybody's phiz on reasonable notice and most reasonable terms.

—Attention is directed to the mammoth advertisement of Geis, Foster & Quinn, the most prosperous, liberal and desirable firms of which Johnstown can boast. The advertisement speaks for itself, and we need only add that parties desiring the best place to invest their money in first-class goods, whether to stock up or supply family needs, can do no better anywhere than with Messrs. Geis, Foster & Quinn. That's so, you bet.

—Harry Wayne, late of the firm of Benton & Wayne, has not quit the hardware business, but is now in partnership with Mr. John Dibert, at 224 Main street, Johnstown, Pa., where will be found at all times the largest and best stock of hardware, wagon wood work, &c., offered for sale in Cambria county. [10-24.-10t.]

—As the good book assures us that all flesh is grass, we suppose the Johnstown *Voice* is right when it informs its readers that M. P. Meagher, who is now *Cork*-ed up in Ireland, really did have a *hay*-day of glory at one time in that place. Had he acted as the "favorite correspondent and biographist" of the *Voice*, instead of the *Freeman*, his "*hay*-day of glory" would probably have been postponed until next harvest at least.

—"Strike for your altars and your fires, strike for the green graves of your sires," strike for the store of Lloyd & Myers—or, more properly speaking, Myers & Lloyd—and see if they haven't a stock of goods as complete and elegant as there is on exhibition and sale anywhere in this "kedentry." And their prices—well, if they don't undersell everybody else they allow no one to undersell them—no matter what his pretensions or promises may be.

—Rev. D. I. K. Rine, formerly a resident of Johnstown, but who of late years has occupied rather a prominent notoriety in police circles in and about Pittsburgh, was on Saturday last sentenced for larceny in the latter city to two years' "seclusion" in the workhouse, where he is now "whooping around" in the coopers' department. His crime was stealing money from his brother-in-law. Besides being a preacher, Mr. Rine was a member of the "art preservative," having learned his trade in Greensburg, if we mistake not.

—The Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county is gradually attaining a large and safe business. There have been issued from the office of the company during the current year, 230 policies, which largely exceeds the business done by the Company in any former year since its organization; and it is expected that the number will reach fully 250 before the close of the year. These policies cover insurance principally on farm properties, and are all on the safest class of risks. This speaks well for the energy and prudence of the officers who have the business in hand.

—Mr. T. M. Apple, of White township, informed us the other day that there is not now a single log job in operation in all that region, one belonging to himself and another owned by the Messrs. Flinn having been the last to succumb to the financial pressure. By the way, Mr. A. had the misfortune to be thrown from his buggy in consequence of one of the wheels coming in contact with a stump, on Tuesday night last, while on his way to this place, and falling on his head sustained several painful cuts and contusions which will doubtless serve to rank him among the "soreheads" for some time to come.

—The entertainment in the Presbyterian church, on Tuesday evening next, promises to be one of the finest and most enjoyable ever given in this place. Rev. J. W. Edie, through whose influence Rev. Dr. Willits is coming here, is sparing neither labor nor expense to make it a grand success. The lecture will be preceded by a half-hour concert, in itself worth the admission fee, and at the close, Dr. Willits, it is hoped, will recite Longfellow's "Excelsior," which in itself is a rare literary treat. The honor of our town demands a full house, and we feel sure that no one who attends will regret the time and money expended.

—Thomas Halston, a Norwegian, was struck by the Cincinnati Express east, on Sunday evening last, two miles below Johnstown, and was very severely though not dangerously injured about the head, face and back. He was taken in charge by Poor Director Bloch, and will probably recover. On Tuesday evening of this week a like accident, attended by fatal results, befell a stranger whose name, judging from a pass-book found on his person, was John Lape, of Newmanstown, wherever that is. The unfortunate man was walking on the track, about two miles west of Mineral Point, at the time, and was struck, knocked down and run over by a freight train, producing instant death.

—After having scoured the woods pretty thoroughly from Lloyd's Station to Bell's Mills, without any result, the people in and about the former place have pretty generally come to the conclusion that the story told by Rosenberg, who accompanied Hoffman, the supposed murdered man, on his recent departure from home, and in which he affirms that he parted company with Hoffman in New York, where he had squandered all his money in a gambling hell, is the correct one, and this belief is strengthened by the fact that the missing man declared on several occasions that he intended to pull up stakes and leave at the first favorable opportunity. Rosenberg offered to accompany any or all of his accusers to New York and point out the whereabouts of Hoffman, provided his expenses were paid, but thus far he has no takers.

—Sheriff William B. Bonacker retired from his office last Saturday, his term of service having expired. For many years past the people of this county have been very fortunate in the selection of their sheriffs, and they were peculiarly so in the choice of Sheriff Bonacker. When we say that in every respect he has been a model officer, we only express the unanimous sentiment of the people throughout the county. A gentleman by nature, he has so discharged the important trust confided to him as to win the respect of all with whom he had official business. While he was prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties, he was never harsh or oppressive. Sheriff Bonacker intends returning to Johnstown, his former residence, and in whatever business he may there engage he will have the best wishes of the people for his success. Herman Baumer, his successor, is a gentleman of high character, and possesses all the qualifications faithfully and satisfactorily to discharge the duties of his important office.

AN INSANE JOHNSTOWNER COMMITS SUICIDE BY DROWNING.—Mr. Aug. Robb, a well known and much esteemed citizen of Johnstown, committed suicide, about five o'clock on Wednesday morning last, by drowning himself in the Stony Creek at that place. It seems that for some time past Mr. R. has been afflicted with mental derangement, and having frequently threatened to kill himself, a constant watch was kept on his movements. On Tuesday night the wife and brother of the unfortunate man remained up with him, but about the hour of the morning indicated above he induced them to lie down, the former on a lounge in the room and the latter on the bed behind him. Having thus put them off their guard, he suddenly sprang from the bed and jumped through the second story front window of his chamber, carrying the sash with him. His wife reached him in time to catch him by one of the feet as he was going through the window, but being unable to hold him until her brother-in-law came to her assistance, he fell to the ground, striking upon his head, but immediately jumped up and made for the creek, into which he plunged before any one could interfere to prevent the rash act. His body was not recovered until about 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, when it was found in the Conemaugh river, about one mile below its junction with the Stony Creek. The deceased leaves a wife and three young daughters.

Communications.

THE OTHER SIDE.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

A correspondent in the last number of the "Freeman," in speaking of our common school system, says of it: "It is a godless and therefore immoral system, if it be as it is pretended; it is an attempt at imposing a religious system on us, if it be not godless and pagan."

I wish to say, in the first place, that I cannot perceive the force of your correspondent's reasoning. It seems to me there is plenty of neutral ground between these propositions, upon which the school system may stand. I think your correspondent is extremely illogical. He argues from premises which he assumes, but are denied. It does not follow that because no positive religious instruction is given in our public schools that they are immoral and soul-destroying. It is a sad begging of the question to assert that they are "godless."

True, formal instruction in religion does not enter into the intention of our public school system. Nor need it. There is the home, the Sabbath school, the pulpit, and the religious press; if these are not sufficient to save the souls of men, it is useless to turn the matter over to the teachers of our common schools. If all those agencies have failed, it is very certain that the common school teachers will fail also. But it is the mission of the common schools to give instruction in the elements of certain arts and sciences, in themselves highly useful, but not in themselves either moral or immoral.

But I take the position that our common schools, as a whole, are *moral* in their tendencies. In the first place, there is the constant example of the teacher, who, we will take it for granted, is such a person as the school law contemplates he or she shall be. In the second place, the pupils are taught that it is wrong to lie, to cheat, to quarrel, to steal, to use profane language, etc. Is not that morality? and will any person object to it that it is sectarianism? Finally, in all our school reading-books, so far as I know, and I have knowledge of a good many, there are selections from our best authors, inculcating and illustrating virtue and morality. Are these the characteristics of schools that are "immoral," "godless," and "pagan"?

Yours, truly, EBENSBURG.

SUMMIT, Dec. 15, 1873.

H. A. MCPIKE, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* In the issue of your paper of the 5th inst. there appeared a communication dated "Summit, Nov. 29, 1873," and signed "A Friend of the Teachers." Now as I am a teacher in Washington township and a resident of Summit, I am suspected and even charged with being the author of said communication; and as I had no part, either directly or indirectly, in the same, I hope you will make me right on the subject before the people in your next issue. I taught last winter in Washington township and was paid my salary. Justice to myself prompts me to have the matter explained, for if the charge is not denied the blame will rest on me.

Yours, truly, JAMES W. CONDON.

BELOW will be found partial returns of the election in this county on the new Constitution, with four districts to hear from. The majority in favor of its adoption will probably be between three and four hundred in this county:

DISTRICTS.	FOR.	AGAINST
Adams Township		
Allegheny Township	25	majority.
Blacklick Township	11	"
Barr Township		
Cambria Township	126	13
Cambria Borough	25	180
Carroll Township	103	29
Carrolltown Borough	44	18
Chest Township	101	1
Chest Springs Borough		
Clearfield Township	99	"
Conemaugh Township	7	54
Conemaugh Bor., 1st Ward	67	36
Conemaugh " 2d Ward	54	31
Coopersdale Borough	13	18
Croyle Township	67	67
East Conemaugh Borough	13	25
Ebensburg, East Ward	65	25
Ebensburg, West Ward	113	16
Franklin Borough	7	64
Gallitzin Township	87	49
Jackson Township	15	65
Johnstown, 1st Ward	80	56
Johnstown, 2d Ward	88	47
Johnstown, 3d Ward	85	26
Johnstown, 4th Ward	29	69
Johnstown, 5th Ward	61	46
Johnstown, 6th Ward	37	51
Loretto Borough	37	8
Millville Borough	23	13
Munster Township	45	24
Prospect Borough	1	10
Richland Township	2	127
Summerhill Township	24	73
Summitville Borough	23	5
Susquehannah Township		
Taylor Township	4	55
Washington Township	127	12
White Township		
Wilmore Borough	13	45
Woodvale Borough	18	9
Upper Yoder	6	50
Lower Yoder	10	30

HORRIBLE FATALITY.—An accident of a most shocking nature occurred in the borough of Etna, near Pittsburg, between seven and eight o'clock, Saturday morning. So far as we have been able to learn, the particulars are as follows: A young, unmarried man, a laborer, named Timothy Murphy, was in the employ of Spang, Chalfant & Co., proprietors of Isabella furnace. It was his duty to put the material into the furnace, and to do this it was necessary for him to stand upon a platform elevated some distance from the ground floor. While he and a companion were in the act of putting some material into the furnace that morning some part of the stack gave way and young Murphy fell into the furnace, and before he could be rescued was burned to a crisp.—When taken out he was a horribly mutilated corpse.

Murphy was a citizen of Hollidaysburg, where his friends now reside, and only left here a couple months ago. His remains were brought to this place on Saturday evening last, and interred on Sunday afternoon in the Catholic cemetery.—*Hollidaysburg Register.*

WILMORE, Dec. 16, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN.—The election on the new Constitution created quite a stir in our village to-day. The vote in favor of the Constitution was 13 to 45 against it. Summerhill township gave 24 votes for and 75 against that instrument. Sec. 8, Article VIII, appears to have been particularly obnoxious to a certain class of voters in that district.

Mr. John McGough, sr., of Summerhill township, captured a bear in a trap some time ago, which is said to have been the largest and most oleaginous "critter" of that species yet secured in this "neck of timber."

Mr. P. M. Woleslagle, who cut his foot some time ago, has been on the move once more for a couple of weeks past.

Having nothing more to communicate, I will close. Yours, truly, SCRIBO.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take two eggs, beaten, three-quarters pound of white sugar, one tea-spoonful salt, half pint of sweet milk, one table-spoonful melted butter, if they are desired very short; mix together with a spoon, then add three pints of flour, having in it one-and-a-half measures Banner Baking Powder.

Each can of the Banner Baking Powder contains a small measure, to be used even full, according to printed directions. If you cannot obtain this really valuable article from your grocer send 25 cents to Banner Baking Powder, P. O. Lock Box 317, Pittsburgh, Pa., and you will receive, postage paid, a quarter pound package, together with a list of fifty valuable Recipes.

THE HARRISBURG PATRIOT.—The central organ of the Democracy of the State, the Harrisburg *Patriot*, has issued its prospectus for 1874. To say that the *Patriot* displays marked ability in its columns and that it is a staunch and uncompromising advocate of sound Democratic doctrine, is simply to express the view of every man who reads it. The *Weekly Patriot* is a mammoth sheet, and as it is furnished at a very low rate, ought and no doubt does meet with a liberal patronage from the Democracy of the State. Subscribe for it and you will be sure to be well pleased with its varied and interesting contents.

Literary Notices.

THE PITTSBURGH POST.—The prospectus for 1874 of that old and able Democratic journal, the Pittsburgh *Post*, will be found in another column. The *Post* justly prides itself on being the oldest daily Democratic paper in Western Pennsylvania. Under its present able management it has attained a deservedly high reputation and is regarded as one of the most vigorous exponents of sound Democratic principles in the country. To all Democrats who desire to subscribe for a live city paper we cheerfully commend the *Post*, either daily or weekly.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.—The January number of Ballou's Monthly Magazine is issued, and a remarkable good magazine it is, when we consider that it contains 100 pages of reading matter, and is only $1.50 per year, or 15 cents single copies. Cheap as this is the publishers send to each subscriber a pretty little Chromo, one of the neatest pictures out, so sweet that ladies will be delighted with it. The contents of the January number of Ballou's consists of a New Year's story of great interest, several excellent short stories, some remarkable poetry, the commencement of a story for children, more of "An Unfortunate Match," and the ending of the thrilling novelette, "The Ghost of Hendee Hall," a romance that has pleased every one. Here is variety enough to suit most any taste, so we do not wonder at the popularity of Ballou's Magazine, as it is just what the people want and will have. Address THOMES & TALBOT, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston. The publishers employ no travelling agents.

THE NEW YORK SUN.—We direct the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the N. Y. *Sun*, the daily edition of which is furnished at $6 per year, the semi-weekly at $2, and the weekly at the remarkable low price of $1. The *Sun*, while it is not, strictly speaking, a political journal, at the same time keeps its readers well informed of all the political movements of the day. It is fearless and independent, and against all species of fraud and corruption, whether manifested in high or low places, wages the most bitter and unrelenting warfare. On that account, as well as for the great ability displayed in its columns and the unsurpassable facilities it possesses for obtaining the latest and most important news, it is eagerly sought after and circulates in every nook and corner of the country. It is a most spicy and entertaining paper, and when one has become a subscriber to it he is not likely to forego the pleasure which he is sure to experience from reading it, though he may occasionally entertain a desire to see it "let up" finally and forever on "that great and good man, Deacon Richard Smith." If any one doubts what we have said in praise of the *Sun*, let him invest $1 in the weekly, or what is better, $2 in the semi-weekly, and all his doubts will be speedily removed.

THE NEW YORK WORLD.—In our paper this week will be found the prospectus of this national organ of the Democratic party for 1874. We have heretofore so frequently had occasion to commend the *World* to the favorable notice of our readers, that anything we could now say would not add to the strength and sincerity of our former declarations in its praise. We think it is very generally conceded that in point of ability the *World* stands unrivalled. It certainly has no equal in the Democratic party. It has always been bold, prompt and fearless in its exposure of all manner of fraud and corruption. This was conspicuously manifest in the course it pursued in reference to the vile frauds and unparalleled villainies of Tweed and his corrupt confederates in plundering the people of New York. It enjoys the entire confidence of the Democracy, and is regarded by the opposition as an honest, fearless and independent journal. We recommend its prospectus to the attention and favorable consideration of our readers. It will be seen that the subscription prices for the Weekly and Semi-Weekly editions are very moderate, especially when taken by clubs. Democrats who wish to learn not only what is transpiring in their own country, but throughout the world, can be thoroughly gratified by subscribing for the New York *World*. The money thus expended will prove to be a cheap and remunerative investment.

THE ALDINE CHROMOS FOR 1874.—The chromos presented to the subscribers of the *Aldine* for 1874 are such beautiful and unusual works of art—faithful copies of actual paintings in oil made by the celebrated artist, Thomas Moran, from studies of nature—that we feel justified in calling special attention to them. These chromos represent scenes characteristic of the East and West; the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the Cliffs of Green River in Wyoming Territory. In all the range of grand and beautiful American scenery, it would be difficult to find two more picturesque or charming views, unlike as nature in her varying moods, yet appropriate companion pieces.

The view in the White Mountains gives the beholder a grand and sublime scene of the most famous region in New England, a picture which is filled with the very spirit of the region. The top of the principal mountain is surrounded by clouds of magical beauty, which add life to the scene, indicating, as they do, action. The picture is one of the elements—earth, air, water—thrown together by the hand of the great artist. Such a picture is always fresh, and never grows dull.

In pleasing contrast with the blue clouds and cool heights of the White Mountains, we have the Cliffs of Green River, a golden sun-bathed landscape, with a sky full of glory—a breaking away of the clouds to let the King of Day through! The physical geography of the Great West is very peculiar, and this Mr. Moran has faithfully reproduced. A grand red sandstone rock, or butte, rises like a ruined castle from one side of the river, reflecting all the brilliant hues of the sky, which are also reproduced in the water. The picture is exceedingly brilliant, but none too much so for the heart of the Great American Desert, where this scene is laid. The foreground of this picture is very rich, and the study of trees is delicate and natural. One may carefully examine the whole list of chromos offered to the public, and fail to find elsewhere so much real artistic excellence as in these two representative landscapes. They are every way worthy of the great art journal of America—"The Aldine."

OBITUARY.

MOORE.—Died, at the residence of his father in this place, on Saturday last, after a protracted illness, Mr. THOMAS H. MOORE, eldest son of Johnston Moore, Esq., aged about 47 years.

The deceased was an upright, amiable gentleman, and possessed a heart full of the milk of human kindness. He had no enemies, and his death is sincerely lamented by hosts of true and unselfish friends.

NOTICE.—I hereby caution all persons against trusting my wife, ELIZABETA DOUGHERTY, on my account, as I am determined not to pay any debts contracted by her. AARON DOUGHERTY.

Clearfield Twp., Dec. 10, 1873. [12-5t.]

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—Notice is hereby given to the members of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County, that the regular annual election of Directors will be held at their office in Ebensburg, on Monday, January 12th, 1874, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

By the Board. T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Dec. 19, 1873.

NOTICE.—In the matter of the Estate of JANE WHERRY, deceased.

And now, Dec. 8, 1873, on motion of J. Gallitzin Lake, Esq., R. L. Johnston appointed Auditor to report distribution of money in the hands of the accountants, to and among the parties entitled thereto—to report at the Argument Court. By the Court.

Pursuant to the above, I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 12TH DAY OF JANUARY next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Dec. 12-4t. R. L. JOHNSTON.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JAMES CAMPBELL, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of James Campbell, late of Washington township, Cambria county, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Summitville, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN SHARBAUGH, Adm'r.

Summit, Dec. 19, 1873.-6t.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW STORE Building,

JOHNS

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

Having purchased largely for cash, and many of our goods having been bought since the Panic, we are able to offer

EXTRA BARGAINS!

AND OUR CUSTOMERS SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT.

We will sell at prices to make the money of our patrons go as far as possible.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

ALPACAS

AND

Waterproofs.

COME AND SEE THE GOODS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!

Goods bought before the Panic are

MARKED Down

TO SUIT THE TIMES.

VELVETEENS

AT HALF THE USUAL PRICE.

Wholesale Department

ON SECOND FLOOR.

GOODS AT NEW YORK AND PHIL'A PRICES

—AT—

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!!

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, now in its 29th year, enjoys the widest circulation of any weekly newspaper of the kind in the world. A new volume commences January 3, 1874.

Its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, Mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the World; Descriptions, with Beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Recipes, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various arts.

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the cheapest and best illustrated weekly paper published. Every number contains from 10 to 15 original engravings of new machinery and novel inventions.

ENGRAVINGS, illustrating Improvements, Discoveries, and Important Works, pertaining to Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Milling, Mining and Metallurgy; Records of the Latest Progress in the Applications of Steam, Steam Engineering, Railways, Ship-Building, Navigation, Telegraphy, Telegraph Engineering, Electricity, Magnetism, Light and Heat.

FARMERS, Mechanics, Engineers, Inventors, Manufacturers, Chemists, Lovers of Science, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers, and People of all Professions, will find the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN useful to them. It should have a place in every Family, Library, Study, Office, and Counting Room; in every Reading Room, College, Academy, or School.

A year's numbers contain 832 pages and SEVERAL HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS. Thousands of volumes are preserved for binding and reference. The practical receipts are well worth ten times the subscription price. Terms $3 a year by mail. Discount to Clubs. Specimens sent free. May be had of all News Dealers.

PATENTS. In connection with the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, Messrs. MUNN & CO. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, and have the largest establishment in the world. More than fifty thousand applications have been made for patents through their agency.

Patents are obtained on the best terms. Models of new inventions and sketches examined and advice free. All patents are published in the Scientific American the week they issue. Send for Pamphlet, 110 pages, containing laws and full directions for obtaining Patents.

Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents, MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York. Branch Office, cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

☞ The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and CAMBRIA FREEMAN will both be sent one year to any address for $4.25, cash in advance.

"TRUE TO NATURE."

This First-class Chromo will be given to every subscriber to

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1874,

Whether to a Single Subscriber for Three Dollars, or in a Club of Six, for Fourteen Dollars.

Address, L. A. GODEY,

N. E. Cor. Sixth and Chestnut Sts., Phila'a, Pa.

☞ See Terms in Lady's Book for other Clubs.-'73

TAKES ON SIGHT. LAST and BEST combination for CANVASSERS, *Agents and Salesmen*.—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S family newspaper gives every subscriber a PAIR of the largest and finest OIL-PICTURE GRAPHS—two most attractive subjects, that 'take on sight'—painted by Mrs. Anderson, as contrasts and companions for her "*Wide Awake*" and "*Fast Asleep*." Agents have IMMENSE SUCCESS; call it the "best business ever offered canvassers." We furnish the lightest and handsomest outfit, and pay very high commissions. Each subscriber receives WITHOUT DELAY two beautiful pictures, which are ready for IMMEDIATE DELIVERY. The paper itself stands peerless among family journals, being so popular that of its class it has the *largest circulation in the world!* Employs the best literary talent. Edward Eggleston's serial story is just beginning; back chapters supplied to each subscriber. Mrs. Stowe's long expected sequel to "*My Wife and I*" begins in the new year. Any one wishing a good salary or an independent business, should send for circulars and terms. AGENTS WANTED. Address J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or San Francisco.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

OLD MAIDS!

Teachers, Students, Clergymen, Postmasters, and wide-awake Young Men, and Men and Women of all classes:

You can easily earn a first-class Sewing Machine or Books sufficient to stock a Library; or some valuable Pictures to beautify your homes; or a nice Stereoscope; or, a good Time-keeper (Clock or Watch); or a Music Box; or a Gold Pen; or a Photographic Album; or a Stand Kerosene Lamp for your Parlor; or a fine Accordeon; or Webster's Illustrated Quarto Dictionary; or Rogers' World-renowned Statuary Groups; or a fine Violin; or a Remington Rifle Cane; or a Remington Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Gun; or a Cabinet Organ worth $140; by simply working up your unoccupied time in a way explained in the circular of the M. H. P. Co. Perfectly legitimate and respectable; many would say philanthropic. Address M. H. P. CO., 129 East 28th St., New York.

$10 to $100 in Wall St. often lends to a fortune. NO RISK. 32-page pamphlet for stamp. VALENTINE TUMBRIDGE & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 20 Wall-st., N. Y.

HORRIBLE!—I suffered with Catarrh thirty years, and was cured by a simple remedy.—Will send recipe, postage free, to all afflicted.

Rev. T. J. MEAD, Drawer 136, Syracuse, N.Y.

ADVERTISERS' GAZETTE. 80 pages. Sent by mail for 25c. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, New York.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of DAVID POWELL, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary to the estate of DAVID POWELL, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

H. KINKEAD, } Executors.

Dec. 5.-6t. GEO. C. K. ZAHM, }

JAMES NULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office in Colonnade Row. Collections promptly attended to.-[12-12,'73.-1.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

113 and 115 Clinton St., JOHNSTOWN.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

Look at the Prices.

HEAVY BLACK ALPACAS,

NEWLY OPENED,

At 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 and 50 Cts.

ELEGANT WATERPROOFS!

IN ALL NEW COLORS!

Navy Blue, New Green, New Brown,

GOLD MIXED AND GREEN MIXED

WATERPROOFS

At the Reduced Price.

BLACK WATERPROOFS at 75 Cts.

FLANNELS!

RED AND WHITE FLANNEL,
OPERA FLANNEL,
BARRED FLANNEL,
Heavy Gray Twilled Flannel,
Yard Wide Country Flannel,
Rob Roy and Blue Flannels,

FELT SKIRTS from 75c. to $2.

BALMORAL SKIRTS VERY CHEAP.

LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S

WOOLEN HOSE!

AT LOWEST PRICES. AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

Stoves! Stoves!

AT GREATLY

Reduced Prices!

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL SELL

STOVES

FROM THIS DATE AT

REDUCED RATES FOR CASH

AS FOLLOWS:

No. 9 Ironsides,	- - -	*$40.00*
" 8 "	- - -	*36.00*
" 7 "	- - -	*32.00*
" *9 Improved National,*		*35.00*
" 8 "	"	*30.00*
" *9 Speer's Anti-Dust,*	-	*44.00*
" 8 "	"	*40.00*
" 7 "	"	*36.00*
" *9 Duquesne*	"	*35.00*
" 8 "	"	*30.00*

ALSO, A LARGE LOT OF

PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,

WHICH WILL BE DISPOSED OF

AT COST FOR CASH!

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 21, 1873.-tf.

VALUABLE

Coal and Timber

PROPERTY

AT PRIVATE SALE!

SITUATE AT CRESSON STATION, PA. R. R.,

—CONTAINING—

2,000 Acres,

more or less, underlaid with the

Best Quality of MOUNTAIN COAL.

A portion of the Land well timbered with

HEMLOCK, OAK, CHESTNUT, &c.

☞ The attention of persons wishing to engage in the mining of Coal and manufacture of Coke is particularly invited to this sale, as the Lands offered surpass, either for speculation or safe investment, any property to be found in Western Pennsylvania.

For further information as to the property and for price, terms, etc., call on or address

JNO. E. SCANLAN,

Executor of M. M. ADAMS, dec'd.

Ebensburg, Aug. 22, 1873.-tf.

Loretto Property

FOR SALE.

A LOT OF GROUND situate in Loretto borough, Cambria county, Pa., known on the plan of said borough as Lot No. 78—fronting 50 feet on St. Mary's street and extending back 160 feet to St. Joseph street—having thereon erected a good

TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

WITH BACK KITCHEN BUILDING ATTACHED,

Frame Stable, and other Outbuildings.

The House contains seven rooms, besides the kitchen, and has a commodious cellar under it—all in the best order. Cheap at $1,000—one-third in cash; balance in two equal annual payments, with interest. Good title. Apply to the owner, JOSEPH GUTWALD, or to

GEO. W. OATMAN, Real Estate Agent.

June 20, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg, Pa.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,

Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their advantage to call on or address me.

☞ Correspondence in either English or German solicited. [Sept. 26, 1873.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept. 20-tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

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TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOOD

A QUEER OLD MAN.

At the last meeting of the Pioneer Society Mr. J. S. Tibbetts read the following sketch giving the incidents in the life of a Michigan man who, although in perfect health, has kept his bed for nearly twenty years:

Mr. Samuel Dunn emigrated from the State of New York to Michigan in 1832, and settled in the township of Plymouth, Wayne county, three miles west of the village of Plymouth, where he resided until his death, which occurred in the month of May, 1873. He was born in the year 1792, and was therefore 81 years of age at the time of his death. He served in the war of 1812, was honorably discharged, and a pension was granted him by the General Government about a year before his death, not a cent of which, however, did he or any of his family receive.

Nothing very unusual in his life occurred during the first twenty years of his residence here. He was a man of intemperate habits, and nearly every week would go to the village and have a spree. At such times he was very noisy, but not quarrelsome. The writer of this sketch has frequently heard him call out at the dead of night for some one to "come and block the wheel" while he was ascending a steep hill on his way home. On going out Mr. Dunn would be found standing midway up the hill, stamping and treading like a balky horse, calling out loudly for some one to "come and block the wheel." After making two or three attempts to ascend the hill he would look down to the foot of it and take another start. After two or three attempts of this kind he would finally reach the top, when he would want to bet "two-and six that he could yell louder and jump higher than any other man in the community."

He had in his woods a very large hollow tree, and here he was in the habit of going when he had his sprees, to hold what he called his "camp meeting." At such times the woods would resound with his devotions, which were characterized more by zeal than for piety.

After an unusual wakening in this hollow tree one day, he went to the house, took down the bottle from the shelf, took a "horn," and then made a solemn vow that he would never touch another drop of ardent spirits while he lived, or utter another oath. And he religiously kept his vow, for he immediately went to bed and lay there for nineteen years and nine months.

During all this long time he was never known to have his clothes on or to walk a step. At first, for a number of years he was very taciturn, and would not converse with any one, and whenever persons approached his bed he would turn his head away from them. During the latter period of his life he would converse with members of the family sufficiently to make his wants known, which were few and easily supplied.

He seemingly enjoyed the best of health during all this time, never took any medicine but once, and then only some simple remedy. His appetite was good, and he ate two hearty meals a day, breakfast and dinner, but no supper. He preferred hearty food, and relished pork, potatoes and greens, baked beans and meat. He drank tea and coffee regularly, but nothing stronger. He slept soundly from ten to twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

Never but once did he express a wish to have his clothes on and go out. One day the family were all absent except a little grandson. He expressed a wish to this little boy that he might have his clothes on and go down to the hollow tree where he held his last devotions; but the little fellow could not find his pants, and so an opportunity was lost of testing his ability to walk.

His memory was remarkable, and his intellect remained unimpaired to the last. He manifested some interest in passing events, and would occasionally ask information respecting them. Hearing the clatter of a mowing machine one day he was very anxious to know what it was. He had never heard a word about such a machine, so he got his daughter-in-law to put him in a chair and wheel him to the door so that he could see it work.

His food was carried to him, placed on a stand near his bed, and then he was left to himself, as he would never partake of his food while any one was present. After a short time the food would be gone, and he would be found snugly in bed. He never missed two meals a day until just before he died, and he could not be persuaded to eat a third. His daughter-in-law took the sole care of him during the last sixteen years of his life, shaving him, washing him, and preparing his food for him—a rare instance, indeed, of filial affection and devotion.

No disease attacked him to terminate his mortal career. He simply lived on, the lamp of life growing dimmer and dimmer, until finally it went out altogether. He was not very much emaciated, but retained to the last his usual bodily proportions, which were always very spare. He was twice married, and survived his last consort some twelve or fifteen years.

History, probably does not furnish a parallel instance of one whose early life was so active, so full of stirring, exciting scenes, and whose after life was such an utter void and blank.

A LADY in Portland, Maine, recently halted in front of a garden and accosted a man at work on some trees with: "What are you doing to those trees?" "Girdling them madam, with printer's ink and cotton to prevent canker worms from ascending." "How much does it cost?" inquired the lady. "About twenty-five cents," was the answer. "What's your name?" was the lady's next question. "Hill," said the man. "Well, I wish you would come and girdle ours." The man gave an evasive answer, and the lady went home and told her husband, who went into convulsions of laughter. "Why, what on earth are you laughing at?" said she, and as soon as the amused husband caught his breath he told his wife that the man she had asked to girdle her trees was no less than the Rev. Dr. Hill, late President of Harvard College, one of the foremost living mathematicians and pastor of the First Parish Church.

TOOTHACHE.—One of our exchanges gives the following simple application for toothache: If any of our readers suffer from toothache or neuralgic affections arising from teeth in any stage of decay, they may experience a relief, instantaneous and permanent, by saturating a small bit of clean cotton or wool with a strong solution of ammonia, and apply it immediately to the affected tooth. The pleasant contrast instantaneously produced sometimes causes a fit of laughter, although a moment before extreme suffering and anguish prevailed. Having used the remedy for over one year with entire success, its efficacy is vouched for.

TO THE PUBLIC

OF

Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

FOR

IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL!

FROM

IMPERATIVE NECESSITY

WE OFFER

ALL THE IMMENSE STOCK

CONTAINED IN

OUR SPACIOUS WAREHOUSES,

BEING THE

COMBINED STOCKS OF ALL DEPARTMENTS,

COMPRISING

Clothing

FOR

MEN, YOUTHS and BOYS,

AT STILL

LARGER DISCOUNTS in PRICES.

NOTE.—WE WERE INDUCED TO OPERATE LARGELY, AND LAID IN A HEAVY STOCK, BECAUSE OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPECTATION OF AN UNCOMMONLY GOOD BUSINESS SEASON.

Wanamaker & Brown

Desire to make it widely known that the whole of their Stock of newly manufactured Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing, guaranteed to be of Reliable Material, Fashionable Cut, and Substantial Make, is arranged for a

REALIZING SALE

at a new and Lower Scale of Prices.

THE IMPROVEMENTS IN OUR BUSINESS THE PAST YEAR HAVE ENABLED US TO CHEAPEN PRICES AND INCREASE IN MANY WAYS THE ADVANTAGES OF OUR CUSTOMERS.

IMPORTANT FACT.—We have abundant testimony every day that it is impossible for any other house to sell as cheaply, and no one now questions the superiority of our makes of both Men's and Boys' Clothing, while

THE ASSORTMENT IS SIX-FOLD LARGER

than anywhere else.

THIS IS A SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY—OUR RE-ARRANGEMENTS REQUIRE THE IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL OF SOME HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOODS, AND WE ARE OFFERING THE MOST SEASONAALE AND FASHIONABLE OVERCOATS AND SUITS FOR BOTH MEN AND BOYS AT

PEREMPTORY SALE,

AND THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE PURCHASES SINCE THE SALE BEGAN ARE HIGHLY DELIGHTED WITH THEIR BARGAINS AND ARE SENDING IN THEIR FRIENDS.

MEN'S OVERCOATS.—Splendid lots of Blue and Black Beaver; Kerseys in Dark Olive, Brown and London Smoke Colors.

An unusual cheap lot of Chinchillas and other Fabrics that make very warm and comfortable garments.

Our Garricks and Capes are the cheapest ever offered.

MEN'S SUITS FOR DRESS WEAR.—*Very much under regular prices. Every one expecting to buy a Black or Blue Suit should avail himself of the GREAT BARGAIN LOTS NOW SPREAD UPON OUR COUNTERS.*

EVERY DAY SUITS *will be cleared out at astonishingly low prices considering the qualities and excellent make.*

PARTICULAR LOTS OF WARM AND LONG COATS *for Business and Street purposes are offered at excellent bargains.*

PANTS AND VEST ROOMS CONTAIN HUNDREDS OF PATTERNS IN VARIETY OF COLORS AND QUALITIES, TO FIT EVERY SIZE AND POCKET. EVERY ONE WANTING GOOD-WEARING GARMENTS MAY BE SURE TO GET THEM FROM OUR PRESENT STOCK.

BLACK PANTS.—We never had a better assortment to select from.

JACKETS AND PANTS FOR THE LADS are piled up by the hundreds, and will bear examination by the Ladies, who know the true values and what is good to stand the hard wear the boys require.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, of all sizes, styles, qualities, colors and prices.

We have re-arranged the Boys' Goods on our First Floor to better accommodate the ladies and other buyers, and can generally serve our friends without delay.

PREPARED TO SUBMIT TO

HEAVY REDUCTIONS from ACTUAL VALUES,

We invite the public to supply themselves from our counters NOW, while we have an ENORMOUS STOCK of the BEST CLOTHING that was ever offered in this or any other city, which

WE FEEL COMPELLED TO CLOSE OUT WITHIN THE NEXT 30 DAYS.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL,

On the Corner of Sixth Street,

FROM MARKET TO MINOR,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

A PI-UTE PASTORAL.

It was a peace commissioner,
And his garb was sober drab;
His hair was long and white, and he
Economized his gab.
In short, he was a reticent
And inoffensive slab.

His style was philanthropic,
And he bore a carpet-bag,
In which he stored his tracts and soap,
And other peaceful swag,
Which Indians patronize when war
And cattle-stealing lag.

Long they sat in solemn council,
The agent and the red,
Mildly talking flabby virtue,
Till the sachem shook his head,
As with doubt and dim suspicion;
Then he grunted low and said—

Not with eloquence of nature,
Not in metaphoric style,
But in simple frontier lingo,
Mingled slang and grammar vile—
"Na-ree-trow-zis; want some whisky;
Injun empty; drink a pile."

Then that meek and lowly Quaker
Remonstrated with a tear;
Spoke of fire-water and ruin
With eloquence severe;
Said, quite feelingly, that whisky
Was a foe most insincere.

Spake once more the child of nature,
Keeping down his growing bile:
"Has my brother brought tobacco?
Is there powder in his pile?"
But the honest agent answered,
With an unsuspecting smile:

"Had my variegated brother
Ever studied Mr. Trask,
He would never, I am certain,
Such a foolish question ask.
Read these pamphlets; they will teach you
In the light of truth to bask.

"Powder I have none—nor whisky,
Nor the brain-destroying leaf;
But of moral tracts and stories
I have many for the chief."
Then the Indian, weeping sadly,
Said it cost him bitter grief

That his moral sense compelled him
To extract his brother's hair;
Which he did with nice precision,
And a sadden-stricken air;
And that hopeful peace commission
Terminated then and there.
—*The Capital.*

A Man who was Made the Butt of an Entire Village.

The usually quiet village of Kawkawlin, on the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad, five miles north of Wenona, has been in a decidedly uproarious state of late—the cause of which was that some time since a man whom we will call Jones made his appearance in Kawkawlin, and in a few weeks had proposed to all the young ladies in the village and by all had been rejected—he being blessed with a very small amount of common sense. At length, however, the young men of the village resolved to play a game upon Jones, and according one of their number, a beardless youth of twenty-two or twenty-three summers, agreed to dress in female attire and personate a woman who was smitten by Jones' charms. The keeper of the boarding house where Jones boarded was let into the secret, and the first scene in the drama was inaugurated by the boarding house keeper handing Jones a note from the young lady, who, he said, was his cousin, and was in love with him, and was coming up from Wenona to pass a few days at his house. To pass over intervening incidents, the lady came, and Jones made love to her, took her on walks through the snow, went visiting with her to all houses in the village, finally, while returning home one evening, the lady was insulted by a man, whose name might be Smith, but isn't. Jones next day made complaint against Smith before a man whom he supposed was a justice, but who wasn't. A mock warrant was issued, Smith was arrested, and on a mock trial he was fined $15 and costs. It might be stated here that nearly every person in Kawkawlin was aware of the game that was being played on the unsuspecting Jones, except the victim himself. He, however, thought that everything was correct, and was highly elated at the result of the trial. Jones was next advised to marry the young lady, and finally it was arranged that the nuptials should be performed. The services of one of the ring were procured, and in a short time Jones and the young lady were pronounced "man and *man*." About this time Smith appealed his case, a jury was impaneled for a second trial, and he was acquitted. Just at the close of the second trial another one of the ring, disguised, of course, entered the room and claimed that Jones's newly-wedded spouse was his legal wife. She was accordingly arrested on a charge of bigamy, tried, convicted and sentenced to State prison for a term of years. Jones was frantic; he cried, he yelled, he kissed her, and swore eternal fidelity. As the officer was starting from the court-room with his prisoner, however, one of the persons present flew at the woman, tore off her bonnet, cloak and dress, and as they fell to the floor, and loud cries of "a man," "a man," went up from those assembled there, Jones saw how badly he had been sold. Roar after roar of laughter went up from that "court-room," and as Jones saw the cruel joke that had been perpetrated upon him, his wrath knew no bounds, and his coat-tails suddenly flew out of the door preceded by a man who will never know any more peace in Kawkawlin.—*Bay City (Mich.) Tribune.*

PITTING IN SMALL-POX.—Dr. I. H. Bird uses an ointment made of charcoal and lard to prevent pitting in small-pox. This is applied freely over the surface of the face, neck and hands as soon as the disease is distinguished, and continued until symptoms of suppurative fever have ceased. The application allays the itchings, seems to shorten the duration of the complaint, and leaves the patient without a blemish; the eruption protected by the ointment not even showing signs of pustulation.

1873. FALL and WINTER! 1874.

THE LATEST SENSATION!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

AT THE NEW

EAGLE CLOTHING STORE

OF M. H. NATHANSON & CO.,

(Lately occupied by H. WALTERS, deceased,)

231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg and Northern Cambria generally, that they have just opened at the above named place a large, complete and elegant stock of FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Consisting of such articles as BLACK AND BLUE CLOTH SUITS, CASSIMERE SUITS for men and boys, fine ENGLISH KERSEY OVERCOATS, in blue, brown, olive and lighter colors, and a general assortment of COATS, PANTS and VESTS of all textures, styles and prices, besides a full line of HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c.—all which will positively be sold at **15 per cent. less** than prevailing prices in Johnstown. We also make to order from the finest and most stylish goods any article of clothing desired, and that too at short notice and on the most reasonable terms. WE MANUFACTURE ALL OUR OWN GOODS, which enables us to sell cheaper than any other house in Cambria county. Please give us a call when you visit our town, and judge from our stock and prices whether it will not pay you to deal with us. OVERCOATS and CUSTOM-MADE WORK our leading specialties, and "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" the basis upon which we do business. COME AND SEE!

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE--231 *and* 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN.

Sept. 19, 1873.-6m. **M. H. NATHANSON & CO.**

JOHN BENTON.....JOHN S. TITTLE.

BENTON & TITTLE,

(Successors to BENTON & WAYNE,)

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,

Iron, Nails, Glass, Putty, Horse Shoes, Leather, Shoe Findings,

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, WASH MACHINES AND WRINGERS,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Wagon Hubs, Spokes and Felloes,

HUB BOXING AND SPOKE TENONING MACHINES, &c.,

Nos. 208 and 210 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa.

[Sept. 5.-4m.] ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY FILLED.

S.T-1860-X.

IS PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, composed simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their nature are Cathartic, Aperient, Nutritious, Diuretic, Alterative and Anti-Bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which makes the

PLANTATION BITTERS

one of the most desirable **Tonics and Cathartics** in the world. They are intended strictly as a

Domestic Tonic,

only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which **Women** are especially subject, it is superseding every other stimulant. As a **Spring and Summer Tonic**, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.)

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.

(FORMERLY WOOD & MANN.)

STATIONARY & PORTABLE

Steam Engines.

The Best & Most Complete Assortment in the Market.

These Engines have always maintained the very highest standard of excellence. We make the manufacture of Engines, Boilers and Saw Mills a specialty. We have the largest and most complete works of the kind in the country, with machinery specially adapted to the work.

We keep constantly in process large numbers of Engines, which we furnish at the very lowest prices and on the shortest notice. We build Engines specially adapted to Mines, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Tanneries, Cotton Gins, Threshers and all classes of manufacturing.

We are now building the celebrated Lane Circular Saw Mill, the best and most complete saw mill ever invented.

We make the manufacture of Saw Mill outfits a special feature of our business, and can furnish complete on the shortest notice.

Our aim in all cases is to furnish the best machinery in the market, and work absolutely unequaled for beauty of design, economy and strength. Send for Circular and Price List.

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.
UTICA, N. Y.

LYON'S KATHAIRON

Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHEO," signifying to *cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the SAME in QUANTITY and QUALITY as it was over a QUARTER of a CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores **at only 50 Cents per Bottle.**

Woman's Glory is Her Hair,

LYON'S

KATHAIRON

OLENA!

The best Oil in the world for machinery.

It will not chill.

It will not gum.

It is equal to the best Lard Oil.

If you have any kind of Machinery, ask for OLENA; and if you cannot buy it at home, send for a circular and price list to

PAINE, ABLETT & TRIPP,

OIL MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS

No. 360 Penn Avenue,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg, Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solic[illegible] unedly.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

SITTING UP WITH HER.

She was expecting him Sunday night; the parlor curtains were down, the old folks notified that it was time for them to go to bed at eight o'clock, and Johnny bribed with a cent to permit himself to be tucked away at an early hour. He sneaked up the path, one eye on the dog the other watching for the "old man," who didn't like him at all too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened and he was escorted into the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go home for hours. She wanted to know how his mother was; if his father had returned from York State; if his brother Bill's rheumatism was any better; and he sat down over and sat down on the sofa, but not to strain his voice. The conversation flagged, and he played with his hat, and she nibbled at the sofa pillow. He finally said it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that her father had predicted a storm. He said he guessed it wouldn't storm as the moon was not crooked enough to hang a powder horn on the corner, she said she didn't believe it would either. This mutual understanding seemed to give them both confidence, then he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She had not, she said, and didn't want to, for they went on talking about the coming visit which was to be given a long to Elder Berry, and he soon dropped his hand on hers—his hand, while his left sneaked behind the sofa and got behind her waist. She pretended not to notice it, looked down at his boots, and tried to know if she thought much of rotted out boots faster than lampblack. She couldn't see, but had an idea that it did. He commenced to hook fingers with her when she discovered something in the lamp. She rose up, and turned the light down a half, making the room look dim. It took him five minutes to get hold of her fingers again, but she pretended to want to draw them away all the time. After a long time he lowered his voice to a whisper, and said he didn't see what made him like each other. She bit her handkerchief and admitted her ignorance. He said that he could name a dozen young men who were going to get married right away, and his left arm stole around and gave her a hug. She looked over and looked out of the window to make sure that it was or was not going to snow, and coming back to the sofa the light down a little more, and sat down and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest herself by putting her head on his shoulder.

Ah, me! We have all been there, and who of us can't count a dozen years old clock struck twelve, and we were miles from home? The old man was fast asleep, the watch dog growling, and the hardware merchant in the country didn't see why we were in a hurry.

Perhaps I shouldn't have told this, but as I was going by the house the other day, thinking of the past, I heard Jim whisper to her to help him spell school, that he'll always be in the shadow as long as he lives, and as I looked in the window and called to her, she was picking up chips in the stove.

"Sue Saunders, come in here and find the b'ar's grease for my whiskers, or I'll break every bone in your body!"
—*Danbury News.*

FINDING A [illegible] keeper writes the following [illegible] the Cleveland *Leader*:

When the average husband in the period wants to find a [illegible] steps to the lattery door, and [illegible] against the door-way with [illegible] in his pockets, whistles [illegible] as his eyes wander among the shelves. When a break in [illegible] occurs, you may know he [illegible] the cake, which he devours [illegible] still looking for the bootjack, now deprived of that aid to [illegible] —whistling—he executes a [illegible] slow movement, sustained by a piece of cake in one hand and [illegible] ble pickle in the other. After [illegible] as the bootjack does not [illegible] pearance the husband does [illegible] door of the room, where you [illegible] ting the baby to sleep and [illegible] "Jane," at the top of his voice, [illegible] the impression that you are [illegible] an impression specially [illegible] cover the confusion of his [illegible] steps on the dog's tail and [illegible] bird-cage with his head, then [illegible] know what you have done to [illegible] bootjack, and why it is that [illegible] keep things in their place. [illegible] wise, and simply and [illegible] like Columbia, to the object [illegible] tion hanging on its accustomed [illegible] he seizes upon it wrathfully, [illegible] solemn vow that it was not [illegible] he went through the room before [illegible]

The offending boots are [illegible] in the doorway where it is [illegible] to trip over them, and seriously [illegible] pires, unless you have eyes [illegible] around them, when you will [illegible] see their value as natural [illegible] obstructing a passage way. [illegible] mated that one pair of boots [illegible] disposed about an apartment of [illegible] um size, will prevent either a [illegible] posed person or a professional [illegible] from quietly making his way [illegible]

At tea time the average husband does not care about any cake, [illegible] much like that his mother-in-law [illegible]

A DEACON called on a brother deacon and in the brother's absence [illegible] the brother's wife. Being called [illegible] for an explanation, he said it was [illegible] in play, merely, as he was full of [illegible] pranks from boyhood; whereupon the offended brother thrashed him and threw him down stairs, remarking that he did so that those were the last pranks he had been full of even in his boyhood days.